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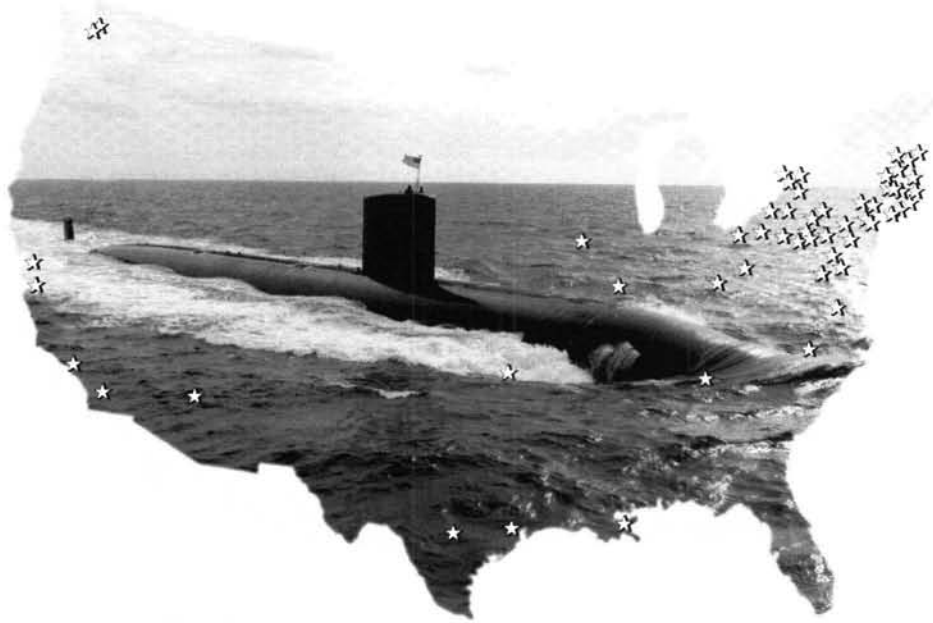

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We the undersigned, who represent the nation's nuclear submarine-building industrial base, support the development of the U.S. Navy's New Attack Submarine program. We are committed to producing these submarines at the lowest possible cost to the American taxpayer. To ensure low cost and high quality, we believe that Congress must allow fair and open competition in the procurement of these submarines.

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ISSUE 4,198

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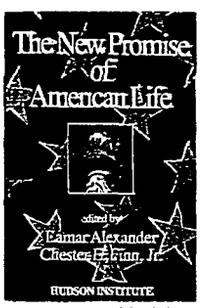

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CORRESPONDENCE

The plague

To the editors:

In attempting to explain a drop in the number of reported AIDS cases between 1993 and 1994 ("A Second Wave," June 5), Dante Ramos cites chronic underreporting and the lag between initial HIV infection and the development of symptomatic disease. While both factors are central to interpretation of AIDS data, a more plausible explanation for the decline in 1994 was the federal government's implementation of a new AIDS definition.

Before 1993, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) used a symptom-based definition to determine whether a person has AIDS. In 1993, the CDC also began using a diagnostic marker (fewer than 200 T-cells) to define AIDS. The change dramatically increased the number of people eligible for an AIDS diagnosis. By January 1993, several tens of thousands of Americans had T-cell counts below 200 but had never received an official AIDS diagnosis because they had yet to develop HIV-related symptoms. The reporting of these cases in 1993 produced an artificial one-year surge in the number of new cases.

For purposes of charting historical trends in AIDS cases, the most reliable measure remains the pre-1993 symptom-based standard. According to the CDC, the number of AIDS cases meeting the pre-1993 criteria actually increased from 1993 to 1994.

MICHAEL T. ISBELL
New York, New York

To the editors:

In an otherwise thoughtful and well-researched article on the African American community's response to the HIV epidemic ("The Homecoming," June 5), Hanna Rosin declares that AZT "actually can be a cure" for babies born HIV-positive. Sadly, this is not the case. While there is one documented case of apparent seroreversion in a baby born HIV-positive, that lone "cure" is not attributed to administration of AZT. In the study Rosin cites, giving AZT to pregnant, HIV-positive women did reduce, by 67 percent, the likelihood that these women would give birth to infected infants—but the effect of the AZT was to *prevent* infection, not cure it.

There is no cure for HIV, and, until there is, prevention will remain our best hope of curtailing the epidemic. One way to prevent the spread of AIDS is by

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encouraging every pregnant woman to consent to voluntary HIV testing, and to offer AZT to any woman who tests positive. It is particularly important that this message reach minority women—whose world, as Rosin makes clear, is one benighted by folly, fear, ignorance, quackery and political chicanery.

EDWIN BAYRD
New York, New York

Where were you?

To the editors:

In reference to your request to Senator Phil Gramm to produce within a few hours information relating to his alleged involvement in an attempt to produce a pornographic film more than twenty years ago ("The Porn Broker," by John B. Judis, June 5). Could you produce within a day information concerning what you were doing twenty years ago? I'll bet you couldn't. This smells exactly like an attempt to smear another conservative. If you had been sincere and honest, you would have approached him in a much different fashion and asked him what was behind this.

VINCENT D. PATTON
St. Petersburg, Florida

Rogues' gallery

To the editors:

Robert Wright's rogues' gallery ("Who Lost Bosnia," May 29) had some glaring omissions. First, more than anyone else, Lawrence Eagleburger and Brent Scowcroft, as political architects and advisers to George Bush, bear the greatest responsibility for the bloodshed. They abdicated our role in Europe when world leadership was firmly in the hands of the United States and sabotaged any meaningful suggestions about former Yugoslavia. Their financial ties with Yugoslavia were exposed in TNR.

Also, General Lewis MacKenzie, the highest ranking U.N. military officer, vehemently opposed flying in humanitarian aid and François Mitterrand's visit to Sarajevo. He consistently pontificated that "all sides were morally equivalent" and berated the Muslims for defending themselves. He never mentioned that he had been paid by SerbNet, a Serbian lobbying firm.

JERRY N. BLASKOVICH
Rancho Palos Verdes, California

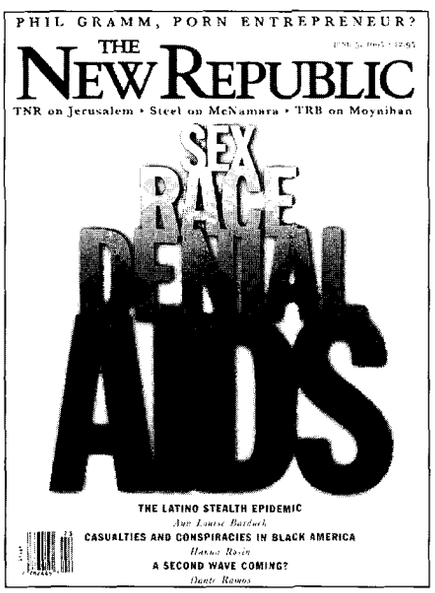
Good intentions

To the editors:

Ronald Steel's review of Robert McNamara's book on Vietnam ("Blind Contrition," June 5) is a good example of the cynicism that McNamara is rightly concerned about. Steel indicts the Vietnam strategy of McNamara and his peers for sacrificing so much simply to "avoid the stigma of failure" and implies that this was merely childish macho posturing or cold-blooded domestic political calculation.

I think there is a more charitable and accurate interpretation, namely, that McNamara and his peers had overlearned the lessons of the Western democracies' dangerously weak response to fascism in the 1930s. They were convinced that the West must always appear strong and unyielding in the defense of its values, and they lacked the mental flexibility to see that Vietnam was not a simple case of freedom versus totalitarianism.

The war in Vietnam was all the more tragic for the fact that its leading proponents were largely well-intentioned. In denying this fact, Steel's review feeds the cynicism that has infected too many of the opponents of that war.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CASUALTIES AND CONSPIRACIES IN BLACK AMERICA
A SECOND WAVE COMING?

JOHN STORR
New York, New York

To the editors:

As a Vietnam veteran I read with interest Ronald Steel's review of *In Retrospect: The Tragedy and Lessons of Vietnam* by Robert McNamara, especially where he says regarding Third World countries: "Did it matter whether these were communist or anti-communist dictatorships? Probably not." This statement would come as a surprise to a million or so Vietnamese and to residents of Indonesia, Singapore and Malaysia, too. It is amazing that so many who have commented on the book totally ignore the practical consequences that the Communist victory had on the Vietnamese people.

BERNARD A. HEENEY
Bayonne, New Jersey

Standing pat

To the editors:

While I agree with Mickey Kaus ("Pat Answers," June 5) that Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's welfare plan comes too late, I don't think it's necessarily too little. Preserving welfare as a federal entitlement rather than surrendering to the tyranny of "states' rights-ism" embodied in the Republican block grant scheme would be no small achievement. One has only to look at the rampant discrimination, inconsistencies and funding shortfalls that characterized state-controlled welfare (in the form of mothers' aid) in the decades immediately preceding passage of Aid to Dependent Children to see that block grants will undoubtedly produce bureaucratic chaos and increased immiseration of the poor.

Kaus is also off-base in his critique of the work requirements in Moynihan's plan. It makes sense to exempt mothers of children younger than three, since the cost of decent child care for young children is prohibitive and it would be immoral to mandate work or participation in job-training programs without making adequate provisions for children. Incidentally, the reason Moynihan's 1988 scheme failed is that few states were willing to come up with matching funds for child care.

In any event, Moynihan's proposal is probably moot, as the Republicans rush headlong toward block grants and the frightening prospect of even more half-baked schemes for "transforming welfare culture," state by state.

SONYA MICHEL
Princeton, New Jersey

My favorite statistic

To the editors:

Stephen Rodrick ("The Unkindest Cut," May 29) shows us the ever-dangerous situation when junk science, politics, religion and victimology meet. The American Academy of Pediatrics tried to help in 1975 when its Task Force on Circumcision found "no valid medical indications for circumcision in the neonatal period." They reversed themselves in 1989 when "new evidence has suggested possible medical benefits for newborn circumcision." Most circumcision opponents still quote the 1975 recommendations.

My favorite statistic concerns penile cancer. In tracking 50,000 cases, researchers have found that 49,990 were not circumcised at birth.

RICHARD G. LIEBERMAN
Santa Fe, New Mexico

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JULY 3, 1995

THE END OF AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

"I have always believed that affirmative action is needed to remedy discrimination and to create a more inclusive society that truly provides equal opportunity," President Clinton said of the Supreme Court's *Adarand* decision, which for the first time since Reconstruction questioned Congress's power to classify citizens by race. "The Court's opinion ... is not inconsistent with that view." In fact, the Court's opinion is explicitly inconsistent with that view. Remedies for discrimination are still permissible, but the Court has now rejected the notion that "creating a more inclusive society" is a compelling goal for government to pursue.

Sandra Day O'Connor, writing for the 5-4 majority, ruled that all racial classifications must be held to the same rigorous judicial standard, whether passed by Congress or the states, and can only survive if they are "narrowly tailored" to advance a "compelling governmental interest." But the only interest that the justices have recognized as "compelling" enough to justify racial classifications is backward-looking and compensatory: particular government agencies are permitted to remedy the present effects of their own past discrimination. By contrast, forward-looking justifications—efforts to create a more diverse workplace or a society that "truly provides equal opportunity"—now appear to be illegitimate and out-of-bounds. If the Court means what it says, then affirmative action is doomed.

Few racial preferences in 1995 can be linked to the present effects of past discrimination with the empirical rigor that courts are now obliged to demand. The proliferation of protected groups and the rising numbers of recent immigrants have stretched the remedial theory to the breaking point. The set-aside in the *Adarand* case, for example, requires that at least 10 percent of federal money spent on highway projects go to businesses owned by "socially and economically disadvantaged" individuals, defined by law as "Black Americans, Hispanic Americans, Native Americans, Asian Pacific Americans and other minorities." But discrimination by a state construction industry against a Samoan immigrant in the 1990s can't plausibly be traced back to the federal government's discrimination against Japanese Americans in the 1940s. After last Monday, the bootstrapping theory of compensatory justice is not only untenable but also presumptively unconstitutional.

Forward-looking justifications for affirmative action—such as the effort to create a black or Hispanic middle class or to achieve diverse universities—are more plausible politically but, after *Adarand*, more vulnerable constitutionally. The Court has overruled *Metro Broadcasting*, William Brennan's last victory, which held in 1990 that "broadcast diversity" was a substantial enough goal to justify set-asides for minority-owned television stations. Now that five justices have indicated that "diversity" may not be a compelling interest after all, the real question is whether the *Bakke* decision of 1978, which relied centrally on the importance of diversity in public universities, is next in line to fall.

O'Connor offers only one crumb to the defenders of affirmative action. She leaves open the possibility that the Court might defer in the future to Congress's broad authority under the Fourteenth Amendment to choose among competing notions of racial justice, as long as Congress compiles a plausible empirical record about the present effects of past discrimination. In practice, however, the chance that any Congress in the conceivable future will put racial preferences on firmer ground is nil. In this sense, *Adarand* is eerily similar to the conservative Supreme Court decisions of the 1870s and 1880s, which struck down the civil rights acts of the Reconstruction Congress and coyly suggested ways that future Congresses might correct the technical errors. The freedman's hour, of course, had already passed.

Like most of the Court's efforts to split the difference on affirmative action, *Adarand* is politically appealing but constitutionally questionable. The conservative justices have never begun to explain why the Constitution, which says that "no *state* shall abridge ... the equal protection of the laws," should be read to impose an identical constraint on Congress. And as O'Connor's arbitrary distinctions between compelling and not-so-compelling state interests show, courts have no more principled arguments for dismantling affirmative action than they did for extending it in the first place. One reason affirmative action is now so controversial is that it was imposed in secret, by judges and bureaucrats, without engaging the American people. Rather than hiding behind the black robes of impatient justices, both political parties should at last make their case in the public square. If federal racial preferences are ended—and we think they should be ended—this historic decision should be announced not by Sandra Day O'Connor but by the Congress of the United States. •

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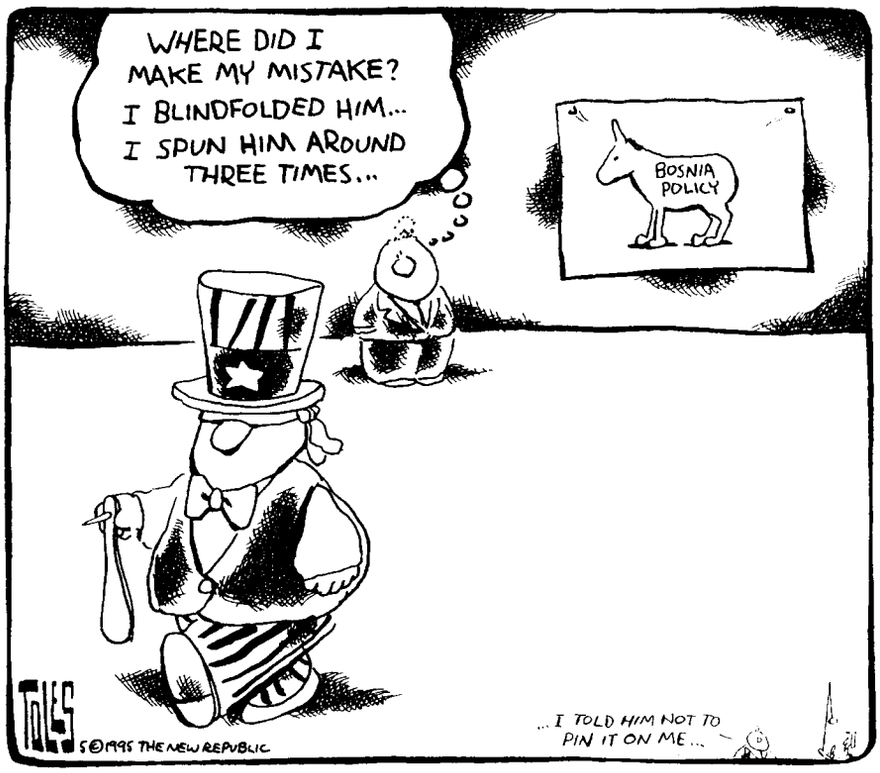
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: Upholding an absolutist prohibition on bringing weapons to school, administrators of the Agnes Little School in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, suspended a 6-year-old kindergarten student for carrying a knife, which he brought to cut cookies.... Police in Mt. Vernon, New York, charged Barbara Ricci, otherwise known as Mrs. Congeniality of New York State, with attempting to run over an 11-year-old girl.... Billy Joe Clegg of Biloxi, Mississippi, who four years ago received 110 votes in the New Hampshire primary, announced his seventh run for the U.S. presidency.... The defense attorney for a man named Daniel Williamson argued that his client was simply "mouthing off" when he sent racist hate mail to two black families living in a predominantly white neighborhood of Mobile, Alabama.... Iowa State University announced plans to establish a $9 million center for swine research.... Producers at Warner Bros. have asked both former Labor Secretary Lynn Martin and one-time Illinois gubernatorial candidate Dawn Clark Netsch to audition for a small part in a Jodie Foster feature film about extraterrestrials.... Police suspect that 19-year-old Damon Dulaney was murdered by members of the Crips, a Little Rock street gang, when his red workshirt from a pizzeria was mistaken for the shirt of a rival gang, the Bloods.


WHERE DID I MAKE MY MISTAKE? I BLINDFOLDED HIM... I SPUN HIM AROUND THREE TIMES...
BOSNIA POLICY
...I TOLD HIM NOT TO PIN IT ON ME...
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THE DISMAL PROFESSION:

Greenspan Sees Chance Of Recession

—*The New York Times*, June 8.

Recession Is Unlikely, Greenspan Concludes

—*The Washington Post*, same day.

Recession risk up, Greenspan says

—*The Baltimore Sun*, same day.

Fed Chairman Doesn't See Recession on the Horizon

—*The Wall Street Journal*, same day.

(Thanks to many readers.)

AN AMERICAN HERO: It was hard, of course, not to be grateful for the safe return of Air Force pilot Scott O'Grady, nor to admire his grit and resourcefulness in the Bosnian forest. Good for him and for the helicopter pilots who heard his signal, swooped down and scooped him up. But it was hard, too, not to notice the sorry symbolism of the hoopla that has greeted him: the moment of America's greatest triumph in Bosnia was a moment of escape, not of engagement, one American pilot giving the Serbs the slip, amid a war that has cost a quarter of a million lives. In fact, the rush to claim O'Grady's story for the annals of American heroism strikes us as a bit unseemly. Early last week, the White House was feting O'Grady, the newsweeklies were splashing him on their covers under such headlines as "THE RIGHT STUFF" and pundits were giddily explaining what made his rescue an American triumph. "With this Scott O'Grady, you get a feeling around America that takes me back to Charles 'Lucky' Lindbergh," Daniel Schorr effused on National Public Radio. "You get this kind of a sense of a great solo performance that makes Americans, at least for a moment, feel very good about their country. And suddenly we begin to realize the difference between fan frenzy and real hero worship." Meanwhile, the Serbs were still holding more than fifty United Nations peacekeepers hostage. Two of the besieged, the French sergeants Luc Vanuxem and Gil Houzelot, were hunkered down in a couple of mountain cabins outside of Sarajevo. Though the rest of their unit had been

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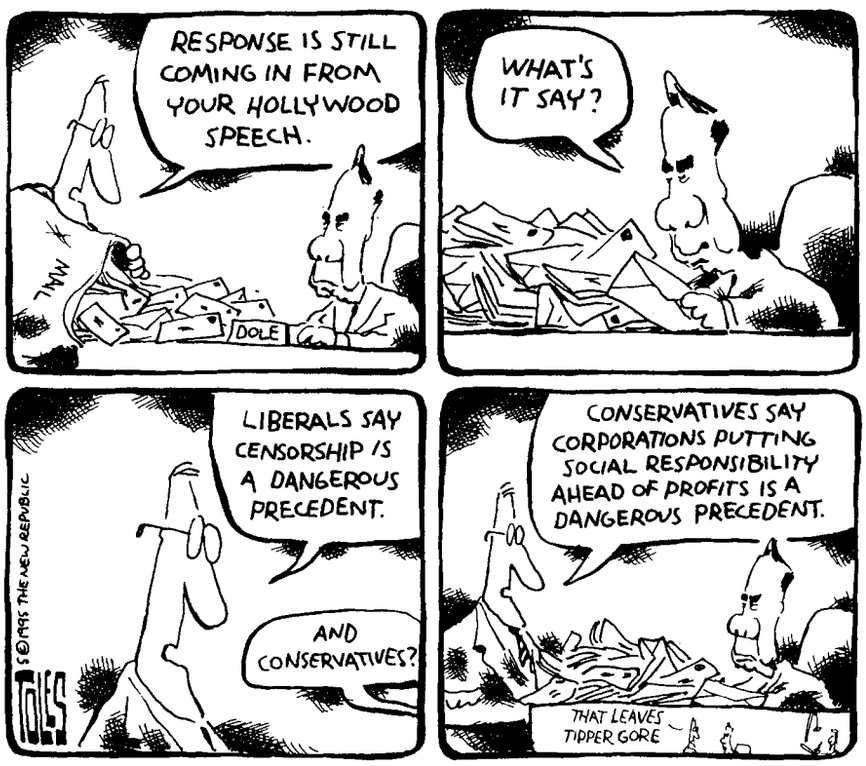
taken by the Serbs, and though they were outnumbered fifty to one, the pair were refusing to relinquish their posts, guarding a U.N. weapons collections point. Their story has figured prominently in the French press, but hardly at all here; even in France, it has gotten nowhere near the gung-ho coverage that Captain O'Grady's story has in the States. As it happens, O'Grady's escape coincided with—and helped deflect attention from—yet another cave-in on Bosnia policy, one that left Sarajevans more vulnerable than ever. Unopposed by the U.S., the United Nations pledged last week "to return to the status quo ante," which is to say the situation of escalating terror in Bosnia's "safe areas" that the latest NATO air strikes were called in to halt. Captain O'Grady said he felt like "a scared little bunny rabbit" in Bosnia. America, alas, has acted like one. Fifty years ago, our idea of an American hero was someone who landed in Europe and fought a deadly enemy to rid the continent of genocidal tribalism. And he, of course, expected no particular congratulation. Today, American heroism is sending no ground troops to protect a genocidally threatened civilian population and plucking a lone serviceman *out* of the arena of conflict. What a difference fifty years makes.


RESPONSE IS STILL COMING IN FROM YOUR HOLLYWOOD SPEECH.
DOLE
WHAT'S IT SAY?
LIBERALS SAY CENSORSHIP IS A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.
AND CONSERVATIVES?
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TOLES
CONSERVATIVES SAY CORPORATIONS PUTTING SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY AHEAD OF PROFITS IS A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.
THAT LEAVES TIPPER GORE

OPPOSITIONING: Much fire has been directed at President Clinton for his attempt in his television address to join the budget debate with a plan that claims to balance the budget in ten years. Too little, too late, cry the deficit hawks. The charge is a little unfair, but we're just glad that the president has finally entered the argument. Among the good things: reducing corporate subsidies (though they could be reduced a whole lot more), eliminating tax cuts for the better off (though he still clings to a middle-class tax cut, a 1992 campaign pledge that we hoped he'd scrapped for good in 1993) and admitting he needs to cut Medicare. The carpers who are truly in no position to carp are the congressional Democrats. Their baldly political ploy of milking every cut for maximum public outrage was an act of cowardice. Among the chief cowards, the increasingly mushy-headed and politically daft Minority Leader Dick Gephardt led the charge, while others such as David Obey of Wisconsin couldn't resist getting in their digs at Clinton in the morning papers the next day. It's one thing to play opposition party to the Republicans in Congress; it's another thing entirely to play opposition to your own president.

MacARTHURISM: With last week's "genius" awards, the MacArthur Foundation at least made no attempt to conceal its bias. In the sciences, there is mercifully little trendiness. But in the humanities, p.c. is still in full swing. Among the awards: one for bringing African American symbolism into science fiction; one for Hispanic-themed fiction; one for weaving African American folk tales into children's books; one for women's and ethnic history; one for work in reproductive rights; one for photographs challenging social stereotypes; and one for environmental and Native American history. No doubt there is much excellence here, but it's hard to avoid the impression that the recipients were being awarded more for their ideology than for their "genius."

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND:

Anglicans urged to tolerate sex

—*The Boston Globe*, June 7.

(Thanks to J.M. Minifie of Cambridge, Massachusetts.)

HOME NEWS: TRB from Washington by Robert Wright will appear next week—and bi-weekly during the summer months. Mickey Kaus has decided to return to regular duties as a senior editor. •

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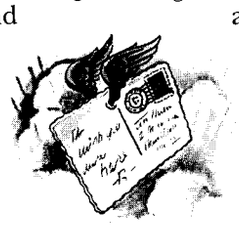
NEW HAMPSHIRE POSTCARD

NEWT SCOOT

By Richard Stengel

Newt Gingrich claims to be anti-crime, yet he spent his weekend in New Hampshire ogling the state's most violent murderers. "I came here to look at moose," Gingrich said over and over again, waving a fiendishly cute moose doll. But, according to the New Hampshire Department of Fish and Game, moose have killed nearly 250 New Hampshire drivers over the last decade when their cars plowed into these unregenerate animals, many of whom are still at large. While Newt cozied up to a rather ratty stuffed moose at a fancy political breakfast at Keene State College, a New Hampshire state trooper took me aside and related the killer's modus operandi. "They weigh as much as 1,500 pounds," he said grimly. "They're so high off the ground that the car cuts off their legs and the body goes right through the windshield."



New Hampshire does not seem like a natural habitat for the speaker. With his pasty pallor, he is an "indoorsy" kind of guy. Pudgier than one imagines, he looks like a Botero sculpture of himself. On his Sunday morning moose-walk in the White Mountain National Forest, he traded in his gray suit for a too-tight pair of Levis (waist 40, length 30, read the leather tag on the back) and a plaid short-sleeved shirt (all it lacked was a plastic pen holder, but, what the heck, it is the age of geek-cool). He then led a mechanized army of reporters along the swiftly flowing Androscoggin River, not so much marching as waddling. Accompanied by press secretary Tony Blankley, who was the very image of an English country squire in green Wellingtons and a riding cap, Newt good-naturedly ordered reporters not to slam their car doors for fear of scaring away the least graceful member of the deer family.

The locals who came out to see Newt ranged from trailer-park denizens to tuxedo-clad lawyers who attended a Sunday night Republican fund-raiser, hosted by Representative Sonny Bono. ("I related to the speaker through show business," Bono noted. "Because he's the biggest star of all.") Newt is not an instinctive flesh-presser. Shaking hands and making small talk, he often seems as though he'd rather be conducting a seminar. Smiling sometimes looks like an unnatural act for him: in speeches, he can come across like the local hardware store owner who forces a manic grin at the end of his own thirty-second commercial.

The weekend offered many examples of Newt's love-hate affair with the press. He excoriates "the elite liberal media establishment"—a compound phrase of four words that his polling long ago showed had pejorative connotations with voters. On the other hand, he clearly loves the attention. During the weekend he had so many press opportunities that one reporter muttered, "What did he do this time, go to the john?" At one point, Representative Bill Zeliff presented Newt with a bumper sticker that read, "I BRAKE FOR MOOSE." Surrounded by reporters, Gingrich quipped, "I brake for press."

Although Newt was on his best behavior over the weekend, he's a mischievous fellow and could not resist tossing a few rhetorical cherry bombs. At a family picnic on Saturday at Nashua Fish and Game, a local gun club, Newt arrived rock-star-like by helicopter and gave a blood-and-guts speech about gun control. Surrounded by cheering New Hampshirites, Newt fired away: "The elite media equates violence and the right to buy arms. But the most famous murder trial in America is about a knife. Willie Horton used a knife. Recently at Harvard a female student used a knife to kill her roommate. *The New York Times* will not run an editorial calling for the banning of knives." But Newt was just warming up. "The Second Amendment," he barked, "is not about duck-hunting. I worked very hard to keep a straight face during the State of the Union when the president talked about duck-hunting. Gun control is punishing law-abiding citizens in their constitutional rights. The difference between Poland and Afghanistan is the right to bear arms. Had Germany had the right to bear arms there might have been no Holocaust."

In support of this argument, Newt nodded at a rather intense fellow standing beside him in a black suit. Newt had met him only moments before when he handed the speaker a tract called "Lethal Laws: 'Gun Control' Is the Key to Genocide." The gentleman was a director of a Milwaukee-based organization called Jews for the Preservation of Firearms Ownership. After Newt had finished, the fellow explained, in rapid-fire fashion, why God wants us to be armed. "In the *Talmud Tractate B'rachos* (Blessings in English)," he said, "page 58a and 62b, there is the following injunction: 'And the Torah says, "If someone comes to kill you, arise quickly and kill him."' "

At a charity hoedown in Goffstown, Newt was scheduled to make his entrance by wandering down a hill. Behind a yellow rope, a phalanx of press and camera crews waited. Instead of the speaker, Pat Buchanan sauntered down, resplendent in black cowboy boots, black studded cowboy hat and a denim shirt fringed with leather. But he was ignored in all the Newt-mania. Later, inside the barn, six middle-aged New Hampshirites in cowboy regalia did a two-step that they named the Newt Scoot, while the speaker looked on benignly. The emcee advised the audience, "All the steps go to the right."

RICHARD STENGEL is a contributor at *Time* magazine.

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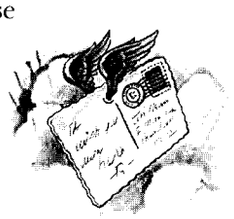
BELIZE POSTCARD

ECO TRIP

By Liesl Schillinger

For those of you who don't yet know this, I will let you in on a secret. It is no longer defensible for anyone to just go on vacation. It is incumbent on anyone who does not wish to bear personal responsibility for the end of nature to travel as an eco-tourist, seeking out the planet's undefiled altars in far-off lands. If you glance through magazines like the *Green Hotelier* and *EcoTraveler*, which shine with good intentions and bleach-free gloss, you will come upon some of the most exotic and exorbitantly priced forays into nature that money and market-savviness can orchestrate. Swim with sluggish dolphins in a pool in the Florida Keys for $50 an hour, chase the sea lions off the Baja California Coast for $1,000, trek mystic Nepal in splendid isolation, leaving packages of refuse in the trashcan-free frozen peaks—and sleep if you can in tents, or in resorts made entirely of recycled material. Eager to observe the eco-orthodox at play, I went down south, to Central America, to a land of rare species such as the tapir, the gibnut and the howler monkey, to a land of rainforests, reefs and ruins. I went to the eco-tourism mecca, to Belize.



Belize is one of the best eco-tourism destinations going because the country barely had a tourism industry at all until 1981, when the British gave up what they had formerly called British Honduras and let it become independent Belize. With no McDonalds, no air-conditioning, few swimming pools and only one or two passable roads, the country was a touristic tabula rasa. Foreign entrepreneurs and Belizeans alike quickly caught on to the profit potential of the trendy eco-angle. Nowadays, even the hustlers flogging jungle tours or canoe trips speak glibly of natural beauties, and the ragged children who sell currant buns from plastic pails ask you to please chip in for Belize's ecology. In every kiosk and shop, impassive clerks preside over eco-souvenirs: slate with bas-reliefs scratched into it, rainforest herbal elixirs, bricks of chicle and pious environmental tracts. Whatever Belizeans believe eco-tourism to be, they clearly believe that it will sell.

On close inspection, eco-tourism turns out to be something old with a new name: expensive travel of the nineteenth-century variety, not meant for everyone, but for those wealthy and sophisticated travelers who can pay to contemplate picturesque scenery far from the madding crowd. The only difference between the old and the new is that now travelers can tell themselves they are saving the planet as they unwind. I, for one, felt ethically sanctioned as I lay on a Belizean hammock between two leaning coconut palms, on a beach-lined peninsula called Placencia, gazing up at a full moon the color of ripe apricot flesh.

At Franco's, the lazy, local café where tourists and self-styled eco-guides gathered every afternoon, you could see the economies of the new tourism at work. Stunned by overexposure to the sun, the tourists sat smoking Colonial Lights cigarettes, drinking pink gins on the terrace and lacking the energy to resent or resist when one of the regulars would saunter up to them to explain his philosophies. "Welcome to my country," a man named Elias had declared one evening. "We are going to have spleef on the beach. You should come with us and have spleef on the beach. That is Belize." We are here for the ecology, my friend and I demurred. "Oh, eco-tourists," he said respectfully. "Then you will go to the jungle. You want to see the jaguars at night. We have a van. Only $50, U.S." Jaguars were only the beginning; it soon emerged that wherever there was an eco-attraction beyond sleeping in the sun, there was a pricetag attached—and they quickly added up. $50 for jaguars, $75 for a canoe trip through caves, $100 for a boat trip to diving spots along Belize's immense coral reef.

Belize and other eco-destinations depend upon the kind of people who can sink a few hundred a night into accommodations at Francis Ford Coppola's rustic luxury lodge in the Pine Ridge Mountains (complete with clay pizza oven) or at Chaa Creek, a collection of Disney-perfect huts near the dramatic Mayan ruin of Xunantunich. Archaeologists who come for the ruins like to stay in the nearby town of San Ignacio, in the one hotel that has a swimming pool; and, as they head off to hunt for authenticity in the countryside, they pass the San Ignacio electric plant a few yards from the hotel's grand entrance, where soot-smeared men work all day under a spewing column of thick, black smoke. Purists avoid the town and choose to stay far from the distressingly unrecycling San Ignacio natives. At Chaa Creek, there is no electricity at all, and the air is thick with frangipani blossom and loud with birdsong. Guests hole up in lovingly unair-conditioned bungalows built on a Kenyan design, where silent attendants arrive at twilight to light kerosene lamps. For over $100 a night, they decompress under $20,000 thatched roofs, dine on pricey gourmet food and enjoy every luxury that eco-consciousness can buy. For $5 they can walk unattended through a rainforest medicine trail, for $6 they can observe the butterfly farm or, if time begins to weigh, they can join, for only $455 per person, caving expeditions that could be managed for a tenth of the cost through local guides in San Ignacio. Whether or not "eco" stands for ecology here, it does not stand for economy.

There is, of course, something artificial in applauding yourself for conservation and global consciousness

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while staying in a hilltop resort that no Belizean who does not sweep floors there will ever see. And there is something ironic in the fact that a big part of the ecology the eco-tourists admire in Belize is somewhat newly minted. In Belize's historic Mayan past, for example, there were no rainforests. The reigning Mayan civilization cut and burned down every plant and tree they saw to make room for their corn fields. Eventually, the raped earth stopped producing corn, and the Mayas died. That is at least one theory of their extinction, and it is by no means certain. Lately, the Mayas' heirs, the neighboring Guatemalans, have been creeping over the borders, burning down lush forest land to plant their corn fields again. In the words of a British soldier we ran into on Ambergris Caye, "Every day I fly over this place and there are burning piles everywhere, smoking. The Guatemalans are the worst. They'll want to clear a patch, so they'll set fire to a woods. If it keeps on burning they don't give a shit."

There is no need to revile eco-tourism or to shed crocodile tears over the lack of comfortable non-eco-tourism options in Belize. If it is not saintly to appreciate nature for a price, it is hardly diabolical. It is, after all, the spread of the Days Inns and the Holiday Inns, the McDonaldses and Pizza Huts, that, in making a country convenient, can end by turning it into a stripmall. Still, no one who can't pony up for the luxury of guilt-free travel should feel a pang of conscience. The eco-tourists who make their pilgrimages to Belize and to other out-of-the-way places are a little like Marie Antoinette playing shepherdess, even if their costumes are wetsuits or safari gear. And whether their journey costs $50 U.S., or $500, they will pay it, green for green.

LIESL SCHILLINGER is a freelance writer.

ON THE HILL

FERN TRAMPLING

By Hanna Rosin

To get an idea of what's in store for the Endangered Species Act, pay a visit to Representative Don Young of Alaska, chairman of the House Committee on Resources. Straight ahead of you as you walk into his office is the stuffed head of a Dall ram, surrounded by several mounted moose horns, three antique rifles and a boar's head, baring its fangs. A glass case in front of the desk displays Young's prized oosik, the penis bone of a whale, which he once waved at Mollie Beattie, then head of the Fish and Wildlife Service, during a hearing. Looming above his leather armchair, covering the window, is a six-foot Kodiak brown bear that Young shot during a hunting expedition in Alaska.

After twenty years in the outback, Young is finally in charge. In his new world, the beasts have to fend for themselves, few wetlands are meant to stay wet and not all water can be clean. And if Uncle Sam is going to regulate land, he has to pay the landowner. Young, a former steamboat captain, voted for the Endangered Species Act in 1973, but he now says it's been abused. "We had envisioned trying to protect, you know, pigeons and things like that," he told the *Bureau of National Affairs Daily Environmental Report* in December. "We never thought about mussels and ferns and flowers and all these ... subspecies of squirrels and birds."

To set about the task of dismantling the act, Young rounded up a stable of loyalists to back him. First, he appointed the less-than-objective California Representative Richard Pombo, a former rancher, to head an Endangered Species Act task force. In so doing, he circumvented the subcommittee on Fisheries, Wildlife and Oceans, which is currently headed by an environmental sympathizer, Jim Saxton of New Jersey. Then, he directed Pombo to hold field hearings in rural Western counties to sound out "real people" who deal daily with the effects of the act.

Not surprisingly, Pombo and his cronies tightly controlled the list of witnesses as TNR reported last week (Notebook, June 5). At the New Bern, North Carolina, hearing (the only one held in the East), they refused to allow the state's top environmental officials to testify, prompting the governor to write a letter of complaint. In Belle Chase, Louisiana, Representative Billy Tauzin invited Cynthia and John Chaconas, a couple he described as victims of a wetlands law that protected a swamp considered an important species habitat. The couple was denied a building permit, a decision Tauzin characterized as a case of "pure government arrogance." But then John Chaconas wrote Tauzin a letter explaining he was upset because his neighbor had filled in a wetland and flooded his property and that he wished the legislation had been better enforced. His invitation to testify was promptly rescinded. "I want to set the record straight. The fact is my family and I have been played as pawns by politicians to justify their opposition to current wetlands law," Chaconas later complained to *The Baton Rouge Advocate*. "I believe wetlands regulations do work well. If existing policy had been enforced I would not need to be here today."

Endangered Species Act supporters who slipped through the radar were sandbagged by task force members. At the hearing in Stockton, California, a fourth-grade teacher named Laurette Rogers brought four of her students from the Freshwater Shrimp Club, a group that works with local farmers to develop conservation

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plans. The children read statements that seemed lifted straight from the National Wildlife Federation's Ranger Rick cartoons: "Imagine getting up and having to wear a breathing device to go outside," pleaded 10-year-old Madeleine Merritt. "This is what would happen if the Endangered Species Act was taken off. Please consider the future when you decide." For her kids' unwitting agitprop, Rogers paid the price. In the question-and-answer session, Republican Representative Wally Herger of California bullied Rogers about her view of another witness, a builder who had had to relocate a housing project because of a protected wetlands habitat:

> HERGER: Ms. Rogers, does this sound reasonable or unreasonable—yes or no?
> ROGERS: I would need to know more about that particular case. [LAUGHTER] I would. And I wanted to say that with the shrimp project, our motto is there are two endangered species in our creek, the shrimp and the ranchers.
> HERGER: I have asked a specific question.
> ROGERS: We work with the ranchers.
> HERGER: I only have a little amount of time. With the example that I have given, which are examples I could give over and over and over again throughout the ten counties that I represent, does that sound reasonable?
> ROGERS: I would have to know more about it. I really think that the most . . .
> HERGER: In other words, you think this might be reasonable? [VERBAL EXPRESSIONS FROM THE AUDIENCE] I have children in my district that are every bit as outstanding as the people that you have brought to us today. [APPLAUSE] And I can tell you that the lives of their families—these are not people who don't want to work. These are hard-working, salt-of-the-earth families that are being denied the American dream, that are being denied any semblance of fairness. And I can say this, there was an election last November 8 and we have had enough of what is going on and, by golly, we are going to change it. [APPLAUSE]

"Nothing in my experience had prepared me for how brutally I was treated at the April 29 hearing," the distraught Rogers wrote in a letter of complaint to Pombo. "Representative Herger yelled at me repeatedly, whipped up the crowd and did not even allow me a fair chance to respond.... I have never been screamed at without a chance to defend myself. Representative Herger yelled: 'Just answer the question,' egging the crowd on to chant 'No!! Yes or No!' The hall was filled with burgeoning hostility. Even though the students had also been booed and heckled by the audience, the thing that upset them most was watching their teacher brutalized."

In the end, Pombo and Young ended up where they started. The choreographed hearings confirmed their suspicions that the act needs a "fundamental change," as Pombo put it, in the direction of "voluntary conservation." Pombo is tight-lipped about exactly what that means. He does, however, point to Arizona freshman Republican John Shadegg, one of the House's most zealous property rights advocates. Shadegg hasn't written a bill, but in a recent statement he adopted, verbatim, a statement of principle issued by a coalition of property rights groups. The statement calls for making federal conservation efforts voluntary, encouraging "private propagation," or breeding species outside their habitats (in zoos, for example, or fish hatcheries) and allowing states to pass their own laws.

Shadegg's—and perhaps eventually the House's—proposed evisceration of the Endangered Species Act has the remarkable effect of making the only existing reform proposal, sponsored by Republican Senator Slade Gorton, seem moderate. In fact, Gorton's bill, which he admits was written with the help of timber lobbyists, also pretty much undoes the act. Its trick is to redefine destruction of a species as "direct harm," such as shooting, rather than as habitat destruction, as is now the case. It abandons the standard goal of preventing extinctions and instead enables the Secretary of the Interior to set more modest conservation targets, which, like Shadegg's plan, can include conservation in zoos. To put pressure on the secretary, the bill allows his decisions to be challenged before they are final. About Gorton's bill, the usually diplomatic Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt recently told *The New York Times*, "It can be summed up in seven words: it will repeal the Endangered Species Act."

The Endangered Species Act is just the tip of the iceberg. House Republicans have also written a new version of the Clean Water Act that loosens many restrictions on industries and cities. The original act is widely considered perhaps the greatest environmental success; in twenty-five years, it has more than doubled the portion of U.S. waters considered safe for fishing and swimming, with minimal complaint from industries. The House bill, written by Representative Bud Shuster, dismantles many of the regulations and replaces them with cash incentives for industries to develop conservation plans, which even the normally supportive *Wall Street Journal* called "pork." In his defense, Shuster wrote an op-ed in *The Washington Post* pointing to what he called a "supportive" letter from the National Governors' Association. In fact, only half of the letter is supportive. In the other half, the governors express "continuing concerns over several provisions of the bill, especially wetlands." The bill exempts more than half of the nation's wetlands from protection and classifies the rest by their importance. Shuster also fails to mention the governors' opposition to an amendment, added after their letter was written, that strips states of their right to veto federal licenses that do not meet state standards.

If any birds or wetlands still fall under the proposed laws and the federal government wants to protect them, it will have to pay landowners first. "Takings" bills, now before both houses, reinterpret the Fifth Amendment so that the government would have to compensate property owners not just when it physically takes possession of a piece of property for a road or school but whenever a regulation lowers a property's values. Both bills hide nuggets that go beyond the property rights movement's wildest dreams. The House bill requires compensation for "any portion" of property reduced by 20 percent. That one phrase defies decades of Supreme Court rulings, which have always considered land as a parcel. Under the House bill, if the

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value of one acre in a 100-acre property is reduced by 20 percent, the landowner is owed compensation.

The Senate bill sneaks in an even more radical provision. It requires federal agency heads, "in enforcing the act, to comply with state laws." The provision seems merely to demand that federal agents respect, say, state trespassing laws. In fact, though, it is a boon to the burgeoning western county supremacy movement, whose legislative strategies are now being challenged by the Justice Department. The phrase is lifted directly from the Catron County ordinances, passed by about 100 western counties, which encourage county officials to ignore federal laws. They have been used mainly to allow county sheriffs to seize federal lands and flout federal grazing rules.

Fortunately, some moderate Republicans have broken ranks over the proposals. Representative Wayne Gilchrest threatened to quit the Endangered Species Act Task Force, accusing Pombo of "using a sledgehammer to kill an ant." Thirty-five moderate Republicans voted against Shuster's bill. The House bills all have to make it past John Chafee, the moderate chair of the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee. The plans have even prompted House Speaker Newt Gingrich to pull back on the reins. At the final hearing of the task force, he quoted Teddy Roosevelt and sent Young a warning: "I am very committed to having a strong and effective environmental policy.... If we of this generation destroy resources ... we deprive coming generations.... The truth is we've only scratched the surface. This is about the fungi and the various things that produce the medicine of the future." That'll teach Young to go trampling on ferns. •

Steve Forbes, GOP savior?

HEY, JUDE

By Ruth Shalit

Supply-side conservatives are supposed to represent the sunny side of the Reagan revolution; but in April of this year, as the Republican presidential field swelled to nine candidates, the econometric wing of the party seemed a joyless crew indeed. Budget hawk Phil Gramm had already demonstrated his hopeless unfitness to be one of them. A brief and stormy alliance with Bob Dole ended in tears when the candidate, interviewed by *The New York Times*, took a swipe at Reaganomics. "Nobody knew what to do," says a *Wall Street Journal* editorial writer. "Kemp not running created a vacuum. Issues on the Reagan side weren't being addressed. Growth, optimism, strength, respect, opportunity, dignity, etc."

Then, one day, consultant Jude Wanniski had an inspiration. Lurking in the wings, Wanniski suddenly realized, was his chum Malcolm S. ("Steve") Forbes Jr., the bespectacled billionaire publisher who had helped craft New Jersey Governor Christie Whitman's tax cuts. Could the committed supply-sider be urged to plow his own money, à la Perot, into a longshot bid for the Republican nomination? Wanniski thought so. Immediately, he set about rallying fellow members of the Political Club for Growth, a bevy of policy-mongering tycoons sprinkled all over the East Coast. He called Dick Fox, the Philadelphia industrialist who, according to Wanniski, "represents the entrepreneurial wing of the Jewish community.... He's one of the few people in the world whose phone call Newt will answer immediately." Wanniski laid out for Fox a Forbes victory scenario. "I said, 'I thought of a candidate.' And he said: 'That's perfect. That's perfect! Why didn't I think of that?' "

Wanniski called millionaire financier Ted Forstmann. "I thought: Ted's going to laugh at me. But as soon as I said 'Steve Forbes,' he said: 'That's a great idea!' " He called up Larry Kudlow, the former Bear, Stearns arbitrageur who is now an editor at *National Review*. "He immediately said, 'That's it! That's our man! If Steve runs, I will quit *National Review*! I will go to work full time for the Forbes campaign!" And at that, Wanniski and friends trooped over to *Forbes* magazine to present their grand plans to the man himself.

Some Republican onlookers saw a comic dimension in the conniving of these would-be kingmakers. "Over the last four years, [the supply-siders] have built their infrastructure," says a prominent Republican consultant. "They want to be able to operate as this power group behind the scenes. Now it's all coming down to this incredibly implausible candidate. It's sort of poignant." But Forbes, it seems, was impressed by the group's encomiums. "We told him that he was at the top of our list," recalls one participant. "We said: 'You're the only off-the-shelf guy in the country we can think of who could do it.' " Yes, the group agreed, it was awfully late for another presidential entry; but Forbes would be free of the fund-raising pressures that confront the more humbly stationed. "For goodness sake," says one Forbes pal, "His father spent $4 million on his birthday party with Elizabeth Taylor in Morocco. This is pocket change."

Though initially reluctant, Forbes was soon overcome by the significance of the task ahead. "Steve acknowledged that yes, he could be president," says Wanniski. Word was leaked to conservative stenographer Robert Novak, who on May 25 breathlessly chronicled Forbes's protests; the Reaganauts' arguments; and the mogul's final, unconvinced submission to their wishes. And the campaign was off.

Well, sort of. Ever since the Novak column, the Forbesian faithful have been waiting devotedly for their leader to spell out his precise intentions. This he seems reluctant to do. "I am flattered and honored," he told

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the *Phillips Media Newsletter* on June 1. "But I have no plans to run." On June 3, he seemed to suggest that Wanniski & Co. were using him as a vessel for their own frustrated ambitions. "I am flattered by the political courtship," he told a Newark newspaper. "But what I think it reflects, more than anything, is the current vacuum ... for a pro-growth agenda." Forbes's flirtation has split the supply-side ranks, with some arguing that Wanniski is hyping the effort merely to burnish his own mystique as a power-broker. "Jude is like the Wizard of Oz, doing a lot of huffing and puffing," says one disgruntled neocon.

But when I spoke with Forbes this week, he quickly dispelled the notion that his dark-horse candidacy existed only in the minds of his chatty advisers. "When enough people ask you to give it serious consideration, you have to give it serious consideration," he told me. "I'm taking a hard-nosed look at it. I'd have to [announce] by the fall. I have to think: Would I have the possibility of doing more good there then, say ..." Forbes's voice trails off dejectedly: "... working with the folks at Empower America?" More than before, Forbes seems inclined to take the plunge. "Obviously, one approaches something like this with great care.... But do I have an overarching viewpoint and vision to put together a team to realize this? I think I do." He disdains the current field of GOP candidates. "None of the candidates has really given the voter a sense of where we're at and where we can go. Everyone's focused on the budget. Slash this, cut that. Well, the budget is a result of other systemic problems that aren't being addressed." Dole, the front-runner, is "sort of taking a Mondale approach to presidential politics. What do I have to do, who do I have to bring on board? That's good for putting together legislation, but it doesn't respond to the yearning of the voters."

STEVE FORBES BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Forbes styles himself as the presidential equivalent of a corporate troubleshooter, a "Perot with issues" for a nation fed up with the Beltway elite. And indeed, the presence of a raucous supply-sider in the Republican primary would jolly up the contest. He's an economist, not a moralist. To conservatives who prescribe vigorous "moral reform" for a "culture of poverty," Forbes points to recent article about the decline in smoking among black teens. "People who are pessimistic about the pathologies of the inner cities should read this *Times* story," he says. "The number of white kids who smoke is the same. But the number of African American teen smokers has plunged. Apparently, word got out among young blacks that tobacco companies were targeting them as a market and suckering them into smoking. So here we see this dramatic change in behavior, from people who are not supposed to be able to change their behavior." Forbes is growing animated. "Instead of talking about jumpstarting the economy, we're yelling at black people to behave themselves," he says. "But in a vibrant economy, when people see progress, when they see change, they'll seize that chance to move ahead."

Freed from his hordes of gurus, Forbes presents himself more or less as he is—an affable capitalist optimist, in the mold of Kemp or Reagan. And it's a refreshing change from the moralizing dourness of the rest of the GOP field. There's even a kind of crazed nobility to Forbes's dewy-eyed Reaganomics in a budget-balancing era. "If tax rates are inhibiting economic progress, lower them," he cries. "It'll create wealth, even if it costs the government money in the short term." True, his economic determinism can be hard to swallow. The Bosnia mess? "There were policy prescriptions, made by the IMF, that helped fuel wild inflation.... And the tax system! Just chaotic!" His Balkan solution? "Overhaul the IMF. They're handing out bad medicine. It's economic malpractice."

But taken as a whole, his gung-ho '80s Republicanism is a welcome affront to '90s GOP world-weariness. The IQ debate, he maintains, is "Malthusian nonsense." In a laptops-to-the-poor leap of faith, he extols the redemptive potential of technology. Any kid who can play a video game "will survive and thrive in the high-tech

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age.... We can do math computations within seconds that a few years ago would have taken math whizzes days to complete. And that's just one sign of the uplift that's going to come." On social issues—abortion, TV violence, gay rights—Forbes is cheerily laissez-faire. "You have to take a live-and-let live attitude," he says. "Let's let the rabbis preach. They have more resonance than the politicians on these matters."

For all these virtues, many of Forbes's conservative acquaintances privately regard his candidacy as hopeless. Though Forbes is involved in politics, as chairman of the board of the conservative advocacy group Empower America and as an unpaid adviser to Christie Whitman, he has never sought high office himself. And there's no detectable groundswell for a Princeton-educated plutocrat. "He's going to have the sins of the father visited on him," says a friend, referring to the sybaritic élan of Forbes *père*. "He'll have to endure months and months of everyone dismissing him, saying he's a dilettante, saying he's Huffington redux.... Plus, he's an aristocrat. He's got money and standing. And he's from New York. You know what *that* means."

Alas, even Forbes's supporters among the horsey set may desert him in the end. "There is a lot of frustration welling up among Republicans who see the possibility of actually losing to Clinton and can't bring themselves to believe that possibility," says John Whitman, who, along with his wife Christie, occupies the large, sprawling New Jersey estate nestled right next to Forbes's. "Steve honestly believes the current candidates are just skirting the main issues facing America. And I'd have to agree with him on that." Just what are these burning issues? Whitman demurs. "Do you know who my wife is?" he asks. In other words, there's another silver-spooned, tax-cutting stealth candidate waiting in the wings. The difference is, she could actually win. •

Medicare: the ghosts of debates past.

FLASHBACK

By Norman Ornstein

In the movie *Die Hard With a Vengeance*, Bruce Willis and Samuel L. Jackson, yoked together against their will in a hostile partnership, face a series of enormous bombs. With each one, they are forced to solve a problem or riddle to prevent mass destruction. Substitute the Republican Congress for Bruce Willis, President Clinton for Samuel L. Jackson and Medicare for the bombs and you have a picture of today's budget policy process.

Medicare is the subject discussed at every political gathering, consuming most of the time of strategists in both parties. It was the main theme at last Sunday's "dialogue" in New Hampshire between Clinton and Speaker Newt Gingrich and a headline from Clinton's TV address proposing a balanced budget. Medicare (and its partner, Medicaid) are destined to dominate the politics of 1995 and 1996. It was almost inevitable once the new Congress etched in stone its goal of balancing the federal budget by 2002.

Budget-cutting with a vengeance means finding big money. With Social Security off the table by political consensus, Medicare and Medicaid are the two main targets. Of the projected budget reductions over the next seven years proposed in both the House and Senate plans, more than 27 percent ($283.3 billion out of $1.04 trillion in the House; $256 billion out of $960 billion in the Senate) comes from Medicare, and 20 percent from Medicaid. The explosion awaits, with the timer set for the end of September, when the final budget reconciliation bill has to be ratified.

Whenever such explosive political situations arise, political scientists search for historical analogies to project likely outcomes. For Medicare, three analogies come to mind: 1982, 1983 and 1988.

1982. After the electoral sweep of 1980, Ronald Reagan and the Republicans in Congress built political and policy momentum in 1981, passing Reagan's budget and tax plans. By 1982, however, blunders and reversals on whether to touch Social Security caught up with the GOP. Under increasing pressure to do more about projected ballooning deficits but reluctant to go after a sacred program, the GOP got caught in a Social Security trap. That, as much as anything, stymied any effective bipartisan budget agreement to reduce deficit growth.

Democrats seized the issue to bash Republicans from one end of Capitol Hill to the other. By the fall of 1982, bumper stickers reading, "SAVE SOCIAL SECURITY: VOTE DEMOCRATIC" were everywhere. After losing thirty-three seats in the House in 1980, Democrats rebounded to win back twenty-six seats in November 1982. Though it's doubtful that Social Security was the main culprit—redistricting and the broader patterns that govern midterm elections played the larger role—the issue enabled Democrats to destroy the Republicans' momentum. The real casualty, of course, was a resolution of the deficit problem.

1983. By 1983, the politics of Social Security had changed dramatically. Projections that the trust fund would go bankrupt within months motivated a bipartisan blue-ribbon commission, headed by Alan Greenspan, to work overtime. The aim was a consensus plan that would replenish the reserve fund and provide a long-term solution to the Social Security problem—too many retirees and too few workers to finance them after 2015 or so. Demonstrating considerable political skill, Greenspan and such commission members as Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a Democrat, and Representative Barber Conable, a Republican, managed to satisfy left and right, Democrats and Republicans, seniors groups, labor and business. Congressional leaders in both parties and the Reagan administration endorsed the resulting plan.

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

The Human Talent Deficit

The other day the President vetoed a bill that would have taken back money for education appropriated by last year's Congress. It was his first veto and it was a good move. This rescissions bill would have made big cuts in important programs. But some people have defended the cuts with an argument you often hear now, especially in connection with the budget deficit: "Unless we cut spending, we will be leaving our children an intolerable burden of debt."

This argument appeals to our sense of justice and responsibility. Most Americans agree that we need to cut spending in order to bring the budget deficit under control. The idea that we must do it in order to leave things better for our children, instead of worse, gives deficit reduction a special punch. What is not clear is where the cuts are coming from. What programs will get the ax? Will some programs be so underfunded that they will wither and die? Which Americans are going to be the losers? And if we are so worried about reducing the deficit that we have to cut programs, why are we also talking about tax cuts?

It sounds good to talk about not bequeathing our children a country that is in debt.

Here are some answers we can be fairly certain about. Current deficit reduction proposals will eventually mean a 30 percent cut in most government programs if we factor in inflation. If an income tax cut is added on top of the budget reduction cuts, the cuts to most existing government programs could go to 50 percent. These cuts will not be made across the board. With Social Security off limits, there will be intense pressure to shield Medicare. There is also enormous pressure to protect funds for defense. A Senate budget proposal suggests "building a wall" between defense money and other appropriations. This means that money appropriated for defense could not be used for anything else even if it was not needed for defense spending. So we are not looking at distributing the cuts equally among government programs. When the scramble comes to save some programs and let others fall by the wayside, which is going to get the shaft?

One thing we know is that education programs are already badly squeezed under current budget schemes. The House budget proposed for next year would make big cuts in K-12 education: for example, New York City public schools alone would lose $135 million in funding. That would mean 3,200 teachers cut and loss of services for 200,000 children, including 118,000 fewer meals served every day. Comparable cuts would affect school districts across the country.

The reductions in federal grants and loans to college students are, if anything, even more devastating. Tuition costs have risen out of sight in recent years, and a large number of students could not afford to go to college without the help of federal programs. In fact, half of all college students currently receive federal financial aid. Pell grants, which help pay college expenses for low and middle income students, have already been eroded by inflation and increases in college costs. The budget resolution assumes a freeze in Pell funds. This could easily drop over one million students a year from the program—and eliminate the possibility of college for many of them. Federal student loans would continue, but students would now have to start paying interest while they were still in school instead of being allowed to wait until they left. What would this mean? Take the case of an engineering student who borrows the maximum amount for each of four college years and then goes on to graduate school for a six-year Ph.D. program. By the time that student received the doctorate, he or she would owe $68,000 in loans and another $33,000 in interest. How's that as an incentive for a poor or middle class kid to enter a profession!

It sounds good to talk about not leaving our children a country that is in debt, but how about leaving them able to pay their own debts? Well-educated people have better jobs, earn more money and are better able to help the U.S. compete in a global economy than people with less education. They are also more active and knowledgeable citizens. Americans have always understood that education is an investment that a country makes in its future. Are we so eager to take care of the budget deficit that we are willing to create an enormous human talent deficit? I am not proposing that we choose. The financial deficit we are now looking at is intolerable. So is a deficit in the talent our country needs to compete in a global economy or make good citizens. We must insist that our elected representatives, who are now planning the financial future of the country, find a way to solve the budget deficit without creating a human talent deficit that would be even more damaging.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1995 by Albert Shanker.

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Even though it included tough measures—taxes on the benefits of better-off Social Security recipients, higher retirement ages, increases in payroll taxes—the plan met little organized opposition. Taken out of the budget debate and framed instead as a package to save Social Security, and protected by an umbrella of support from nearly all the major actors, it was adopted and implemented with barely a murmur. Despite some substantive problems, the plan remains one of the great triumphs of bipartisan policy-making in the post-war era.

1988: Encouraged by the Reagan administration, Republican Representative Bill Gradison joined with Democrat Fortney "Pete" Stark, along with Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, Senate Finance Chairman Lloyd Bentsen and leaders of both parties. In eighteen months they put together a plan to expand and enhance health care coverage for the elderly, especially against catastrophic illness or injury. Again, the plan required great political skill to win support from the powerful interest groups representing senior citizens, especially the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP). The Medicare Catastrophic Coverage Act, which expanded a major entitlement program through a combination of means-tested policy initiatives, tax increases and program expansions, passed the House 328-72 and the Senate 86-11. Reagan signed it July 1, 1988. Washington was jubilant.

Within weeks, however, the success collapsed. If AARP had worked closely with congressional policymakers, its rival organization, the National Committee to Preserve Social Security and Medicare, hadn't. It cranked up a vigorous direct-mail and fund-raising campaign that condemned the legislation as a disaster for the elderly—increasing their costs sharply to provide them with fewer benefits than they had been receiving.

In truth, most elderly Americans would receive more benefits and pay no more for them under the new law, though a solid core of wealthier seniors would pay significantly more. Yet the "silent majority" among the elderly proved silent indeed, because they either didn't know about the added benefits or weren't particularly moved by them. Meanwhile, the more affluent elderly—disproportionately educated, politically savvy and highly motivated—spurred by the National Committee's mailings, went ballistic. By the start of the next Congress in January 1989, with a new president, George Bush, in the White House, a rout was in the works, and in November the Medicare Catastrophic Coverage Act was repealed, virtually in its entirety. It was an unprecedented action in modern times and a humiliation for Congress, the presidency and Washington.

Right now, 1995 looks most like 1982. Congressional Democrats have seized on Medicare as they did Social Security. You can see the bumper stickers saying, "SAVE MEDICARE: VOTE DEMOCRATIC" on their way. Democrats are optimistic, having found an issue to counter Republican momentum built up through stunning election results and the triumphs of the Contract with America.

On this issue, Republicans are on the defensive. Focus groups show that most Americans, older and younger, view Medicare as they do Social Security: we pay in, and we get out what we contributed. Medicare was not in the contract, and Republicans don't want it to dominate the rest of the 104th Congress. At minimum, they don't want Medicare to be portrayed as a budget issue, which would lead to the charge that they were balancing the budget on the backs of the elderly—or, even worse, giving tax breaks to the rich on the backs of senior citizens.

Thus, Gingrich, Majority Leaders Bob Dole and Dick Armey and their colleagues are trying strenuously to shift the agenda—to make 1995 another 1983. Dole wants to do so directly, without passing go, by creating a bipartisan commission explicitly modeled on the Greenspan precedent. Gingrich is playing on the other 1983 theme, referring to the funding crisis in Medicare, talking not about cutting back Medicare payments but about saving Medicare from bankruptcy.

In the short term these GOP ploys won't work. Republicans spent the past six months talking about balancing the budget by cutting back government, including Medicare, and it's just not credible now to say Medicare has nothing to do with the budget. Ultimately, though, Clinton had to come to the negotiating table as he did in his address. It was simply not in the president's interest to have a policy failure, even if it could plausibly be blamed on Republicans. "Re-elect me—it's their fault" is not a persuasive re-election slogan. Congressional Democrats, still dreaming about riding the Medicare issue right back into the majority, were furious at Clinton's overtures, but they can't stay on the sidelines for long if their own president is negotiating a bipartisan deal. By year's end, we might see a bargain like the 1983 Greenspan Commission deal.

Sadly, that's where 1988 comes into play. The funding crisis in Social Security was much more urgent than the Medicare crisis. Reserve-fund bankruptcy was months off, while the "crisis" in Medicare is six or seven years off and, anyhow, represents only a part of the Medicare program. While Americans were plenty cynical about the motives of politicians a dozen years ago, there is no comparison to today's collective attitude. Last year's debate over health care reform fed that cynicism, and Republican assaults on the Clinton health care plan helped to destroy White House credibility. Repeated GOP assurances last year that there was not only no health care crisis but no significant health care problem damaged whatever credibility was left of Republican positions on the issue. The credibility of both parties, of course, had earlier been left in tatters by the Catastrophic debacle.

That debacle looms much larger as a precedent to revisit and reconsider—now, before any compromise on the future of Medicare begins to gel. The primary lessons:

A bipartisan compromise is necessary—but not sufficient—for success. No plan that will require larger copayments by senior citizens, fewer benefits and less choice—or the perception of less choice—of doctors or other

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health care providers can succeed without broad bipartisan support. And the bipartisan support has to be thoroughgoing. It can't be most Republicans with a token group of "boll weevil" Democrats, or support achieved by Republicans blackmailing the president by, for example, withholding support for a debt limit increase.

But even broad and bipartisan Beltway support does not guarantee public support. Any plan has to be market-tested with consumers, be explainable in simple and credible terms and phase in painful changes while front-loading new benefits. Otherwise, the rebuff of the bipartisan leaders will be swift, full and devastating.

Nor does support from senior citizen lobbyists translate into support from senior citizens. Senator Alan Simpson, remembering 1988 and 1989 vividly, is trying to discredit AARP as a politically neutral organization representing all senior citizens. But in 1988 AARP's leaders were good soldiers in the Catastrophic Act fight, lobbying inside for specific provisions but supporting the product—only to discover that as leaders they had no followers. AARP officials were humiliated by a revolt among AARP members, abetted by the incendiary mailings of the National Committee.

Besides, AARP leaders are far less relevant now. What matters is how any policy change in Medicare is interpreted at the grass roots, where another revolt could easily be sparked. Policymakers should communicate not just with AARP but with the National Committee to Preserve Social Security and Medicare, whose leaders are more responsible now than they were six years ago, but who could still fire up massive senior opposition.

Not just seniors support Medicare; their children do, too. So do Medicaid reformers, since more than a quarter of Medicaid money goes for nursing-home care for the elderly. Who would pay for such care if there were no Medicare or Medicaid? While some seniors would pay out of their own pockets, a lot of the costs would be borne by their children. Medicare and Medicaid, in other words, supplement not just the incomes of senior citizens but of their children as well. That is why the Medicare program has among baby-boomers bedrock support almost equal to that among the elderly. Younger voters, along with seniors, led the backlash against the Catastrophic program in 1988. Policymakers should resist any temptation to sell a package through generational warfare and should be prepared to sell their plans to the electorate as a whole.

The tendency of the Beltway players is to cut a deal and assume that, if all the relevant leaders agree, it will fly. But this bomb won't defuse so easily. Millions of elderly voters and their children have to sign off. Failure to solve the Medicare problem, a problem of unsustainable budget growth, will doom the federal budget to mega-deficits into the next century. But a "solution" that voters don't believe in will do far worse damage, striking at the legitimacy of the political system itself.

NORMAN ORNSTEIN is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

Bob Dole's foreign policy credentials.

THE LAST INTERVENTIONIST

By Charles Lane

After last November's Republican election sweep, Bob Dole set off for Europe. For the Western allies, it was an opportunity to take stock of the new Senate majority leader. For Dole, gearing up for a third try at the presidency, it was an opportunity to burnish his credentials as a potential leader of the West. Not long before, NATO and the United Nations had just failed, again, to stop a Bosnian Serb assault on a U.N.-declared safe area, Bihac. As the Senate's leading Bosnia hawk and critic of Europe's non-response to Serb aggression, Dole soon found himself in a public spat with the British and the French.

At NATO headquarters in Brussels, Britain's ambassador, John Weston, defended Europe's performance in the Balkans by attacking America's. You have no right to criticize us, he told Dole, until you Americans put your own troops on the ground as we have. You're afraid to risk the sacrifice.

"I don't need a lecture about sacrifice," Dole snapped, according to an aide. He then proceeded to list American contributions to European freedom and security, from Kuwait to the half century of NATO vigilance against the Soviets. Not mentioned, yet visible to all, was the withered arm hanging at Dole's right side, a permanent reminder of the personal sacrifice he had made for Europe fifty years ago as part of an American Army unit fighting to liberate Italy from the Nazis.

The episode illustrates how Dole's membership in

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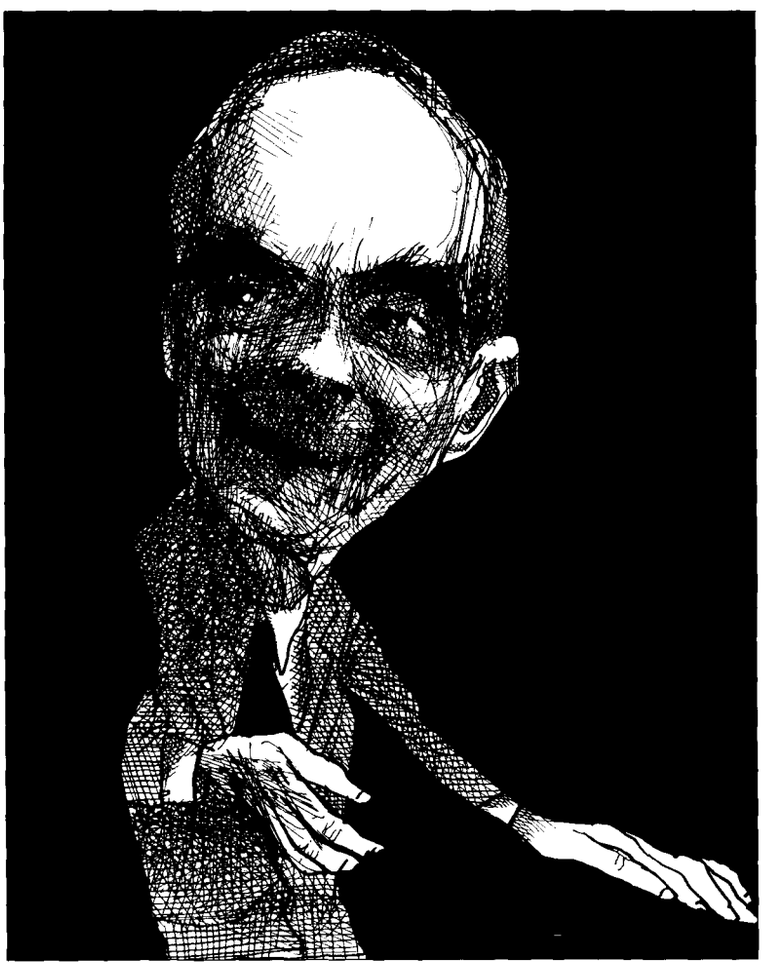
the World War II generation now works to his advantage, both as a prospective steward of America's interests abroad and as a seventysomething pol making one last run at the White House. It's hard to imagine any of the baby-boomers running against Dole for the Republican nomination, much less the boomer in the White House, pulling off a similar bit of understated theater.

There was a time when it wouldn't have worked for Dole, either—when he seemed incapable of deriving either moral illumination or presidential bearing from his war record. In the 1976 vice presidential debate he seemed twisted by bitterness, memorably labeling World War I, World War II, Korea and Vietnam "Democrat wars" that had killed and wounded enough American boys to populate Detroit. But today's mellower Dole would never commit a blunder like that. And he would never draw attention to his sacrifice explicitly. He doesn't have to. The right arm speaks for itself, setting him apart from his less seasoned rivals.



BOB DOLE BY JOHN SPRINGS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

As it happens, Bob Dole wasn't much more eager to fight in World War II than Bill Clinton was to fight in Vietnam. Still hoping to salvage a career as a college athlete, Dole waited to join the Army until 1943. He told a friend he would rather parlay his athletic ability into a spot in a rearguard "Special Services" unit. (The full story of Dole's war is recounted in Richard Ben Cramer's *What It Takes: The Way to the White House.*) Like many young men of the time, his sense of the stakes in Europe and the Pacific probably didn't go beyond an earnest wish that America would win quickly, with a minimum need for any more guys like Lieutenant Bob Dole to risk getting killed or maimed.

But the American drive north through Italy was a bloody affair, and, when yet another platoon leader in the 10th Mountain Division was killed, Dole filled the gap without hesitation or complaint. He even showed some humility, telling his men the sergeant could remain in charge until he himself learned the ropes. Dole got hurt because, when orders came to attack a German position, he grimly went first, leading the way.

Dole's experience highlights an irony of America's role in the twentieth-century world. The country's crusades have called for countless individual sacrifices by Americans who were persuaded to do their duty when the time came, even though their first choice probably would have been to stay uninvolved. It took presidential leadership to define worthy causes and rally the country to them. This was the key to success in World War II, Berlin and (less conclusively) the Persian Gulf. It was the missing element in the years after Versailles and in Vietnam. And so far, most clearly in Bosnia, it has been missing in the Clinton administration's foreign policy.

As president, Bob Dole would face the same difficulties Clinton has: a growing mood of isolation at home, widening differences with Europe and proliferating threats to stability abroad. But Dole has made Bosnia an issue in large part because he would have us believe that he, as a holdover from a more serious and substantial generation, would handle these dangers more effectively. I'm the last *credible* interventionist, you can almost hear him say.

But is that enough? Preparing for '96, Dole has already produced the requisite candidate's manifesto on American national security: a fourteen-page article in the Spring 1995 issue of *Foreign Policy*. Drafted by aides Mira Baratta and Randy Scheunemann, the piece can be read at two levels. On its face it's an admirably sober, yet morally energized, effort to distill lessons from the cold war into a program of hard-nosed centrist internationalism for today. Dole was always to the right of center during the cold war: a bitter-ender on Vietnam; skeptical of arms control; pro-contra; pro-Star Wars. Reasonably enough, he regards the outcome of the struggle with the Soviets as vindication of tough, confrontational Republican policy.

To Dole, the problem with the Clinton administration is that it is dominated by former cold war doves who cling to the opposite view: that the Soviet Union collapsed in spite of, not because of, U.S. militance. Consequently, he argues, they are too squeamish about

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using U.S. power unilaterally. The real choice, Dole contends, is not between acting multilaterally or doing nothing, but "whether to allow international organizations to call the shots—as in Somalia or Bosnia—or to make multilateral groupings work for American interests—as in Operation Desert Storm." After all, the Soviets may be gone, but U.S. interests remain essentially the same: to prevent the domination of Europe by a single power, to maintain a balance of power in East Asia, to secure the Western hemisphere, to preserve access to Persian Gulf oil, to strengthen free trade and to protect U.S. assets and citizens overseas.

In Dole's view, the paradigmatic failure of Clintonian multilateralism was the May 1993 trip to Europe by Secretary of State Warren Christopher. There, rather than whip NATO into line behind the U.S. policy of lifting the arms embargo and using air power against the Serbs, Christopher let the nervous Europeans scuttle the U.S. plan. But he also chides Clinton for his nuclear deal with North Korea; the flip-flop on China; supposedly excessive cuts in defense; a too-slow integration into NATO of the Eastern European states; and a too-gentle pursuit of what Dole somewhat vaguely calls America's "rivalry" with Russia.

Viewed as political documents, however, Dole's recent foreign-policy pronouncements read like a straddle between the internationalist and neo-isolationist wings of the Republican Party. For the America Firsters, there is plenty of skeptical rhetoric about the U.N. and foreign aid, mingled with harsh words for the world's lingering communist basket cases. For the internationalists, there is a denunciation of protectionism and a lofty, even expansive, vision of an engaged and activist America.

Some rather obvious, and critical, questions are fudged. The North Korea deal is unsatisfactory, but neither Dole nor any of the other Republicans who have been sniping at it has yet identified a less risky alternative. And just how far is Dole prepared to go in pursuing "rivalry" with Russia, especially in the event that NATO expansion does provoke a militant anti-Western turn in Moscow? Surely he and the Republicans don't mean to use that quarter-trillion-dollar defense budget to reignite the cold war. And if they're not going to use it for a series of new adventures that some future political foe might choose to label "Republican wars," then what is the point of so much spending? Which parts of his sweeping, ghost-written doctrine will Dole treat as priorities?

One way to answer that question may be to read his current statements in the context of his past actions. Alas, it is inherently difficult to find hard-and-fast indications of future presidential action in Dole's foreign-policy record on Capitol Hill, for the same reasons that it would be difficult to make such judgments about most other career senators or representatives. The Constitution gives Congress powers over treaty ratification, approval of ambassadors and other nominees and, in rare cases, the declaration of war. But these are generally exercised in response to initiatives from the commander in chief.

Otherwise, most denizens of the Hill, and Bob Dole is no exception, are fundamentally oriented to the domestic concerns of their constituents. The individual member's power to influence foreign policy is limited mainly to appropriations, oversight and the use of a seat in Congress as a bully pulpit. Congressional action is usually "nonbinding": hearings, fact-finding trips, resolutions. The result is often fuzzy legislation—the Boland amendment, the War Powers Act—with plenty of codicils that permit the president to waive supposedly tough congressional strictures "in the interests of national security."

Congressional foreign-policy actions, then, are heavily influenced by "the three p's": politics, pandering and posturing. And heaven knows that Bob Dole, who has been running for the White House off and on for two decades, has done his share of all three. When Dole battled to defeat the Panama Canal treaties, he had one eye on the 1980 New Hampshire primary. In 1973, Dole was posturing when, under the influence of Ross Perot (then still known as "a Texas millionaire"), he proposed a bill forbidding American aid to North Vietnam or the Viet Cong until the last prisoner of war was accounted for. Refusing now to join Republican Senator and former POW John McCain's call for normalization of relations with Vietnam, Dole is still playing to the ever-energetic POW/MIA lobby.

Dole opposed Jimmy Carter's post-Afghanistan embargo on grain sales to the Soviet Union. This stance was a sop to his Kansas base and to voters in the 1980 Iowa caucuses. (It also makes an interesting deviation from his *Foreign Policy* condemnation of cold war doves who were for "toning down anti-Soviet rhetoric no matter how accurate it was.") Sometimes Dole's pandering to agricultural interests has been so blatant that he seemed to be doing it with a knowing wink. During the Bush administration's 1992 struggle to renew Most Favored Nation status for China, Dole suddenly halted his all-out effort to support the president. The reason: China had threatened to stop buying American grain in retaliation for Bush's sale of fighter planes to Taiwan. The Chinese Embassy assured Dole that China was just posturing, and Dole resumed his struggle.

As that episode shows, Dole's foreign policy stands have usually followed his underlying political interest in the success of Republican presidents. As one Republican aide recalls: "[Jesse] Helms and Dole would sit together in the cloakroom in those big soft chairs and time after time I saw Dole pull himself up from that chair—it wasn't easy for him, you know—and go to the floor to battle for something, and he would tell Jesse, 'I don't think this is a good idea, but the president wants it.'"

Dole first made a name for himself in foreign affairs as a defender of Richard Nixon's policy of slowly withdrawing from Vietnam while trying to hammer out "peace with honor" at the bargaining table in Paris. Dispatched by the White House to spar with doves on the Senate floor, Dole was fierce. In a 1971 speech that foreshadowed the "Democrat wars" outburst, he excoriated

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men such as Cyrus Vance and Clark Clifford as "has-beens, would-be's, professional second-guessers and apologists for the policies which led us into this tragic conflict in the first place." Dole's opposition to sanctions on South Africa (he ridiculed the idea as "a domestic civil rights issue" and "feel-good foreign policy") was born of loyalty to Ronald Reagan. So, too, was Dole's vigorous backing of aid to the Nicaraguan contras, though this stance was also at least partly a bid for the support of Miami Cubans in his planned 1988 run.

Time and time again, Dole would plead with a Democratic-majority Senate not to "tie the president's hands behind his back" but to "strengthen the president's hand." (These metaphors, which Dole uses repeatedly, have added resonance when seen in the context of his war injury.) Here's how *Congressional Quarterly* described Dole's remarks in the 1970 debate on the McGovern-Hatfield amendment, which would have required an immediate U.S. pullout from Vietnam:

> Dole ... objected to the withdrawal deadline, saying that since the president's policy had been successful there was no need for Congress to intervene. He ... suggested the withdrawal would undermine the Paris peace talks by removing a crucial bargaining chip and would endanger U.S. forces. Dole decried the growing isolationism which he said prompted the amendment and added that it would tend to compromise the credibility of the U.S. commitment to its allies.

And here is Dole, twenty years later, on the eve of the Gulf war, defending George Bush from critics who said that his handling of Saddam Hussein should emphasize sanctions, not force:

> There are too many in Congress trying to tie the president's hands behind his back. The president's policy is working. The last thing we need are more timid signals from Congress.... The best chance for peace and the best hope for peace is to strengthen the president's hand anyway we can.

To be sure, Dole has occasionally sought compromise with Democrats in the Senate (notably on contra aid), and deferred to Democratic presidents. In October 1993 he staved off a drive to cut funding for Bill Clinton's troubled Somalia mission, urging colleagues not to "tie the president's hands." A free trader (it's good for grain), Dole postured awhile on GATT last fall before agreeing to pass Clinton's bill with just a few cosmetic changes. He backed Clinton's bailout of Mexico, albeit tepidly.

Back in 1973, Dole also surprisingly voted to override Nixon's veto of the War Powers Act. Dole cast this vote out of an apparent belief that congressional meddling in foreign affairs was a fact of life and that the best way to strengthen the president's hand would be to codify rules under which congressional support for presidential action would be sought and given.

This put Dole in the ironic position of trying to cut down on posturing; Congress should "put up or shut up," as he remarked in calling for a special session on Gulf policy in November 1990. In practice, however, the act has basically failed. Presidents have resisted it, and Congress has exploited its complex requirements—that the president consult in advance with Congress on the use of force but withdraw the troops within ninety days unless Congress votes otherwise—to keep evading responsibility. Now Dole wants to scrap War Powers, calling the law "a real threat to presidential prerogatives."

Despite instances of support for Clinton, Dole's defense of presidential prerogatives in foreign policy is, for the most part, a rationalization of Republican partisanship. He supports the Republican foreign aid bill that would reshape the State Department in ways Clinton opposes. He is currently pushing to make Clinton obtain a binding European commitment to lift the arms embargo on Bosnia before sending any U.S. troops to help evacuate peacekeepers. After the Clinton administration tried, and failed, to send the *Harlan County* to Haiti, in 1993, Dole proposed to limit the president's freedom to act on the island. This proposal came just days after he had asked his colleagues not to tie Clinton's hands in Somalia. Even Senator Nancy Kassebaum, Dole's fellow Kansan, took him to task for it. "If it were a Democrat doing that to Bush or Reagan, we'd be outraged," she said. Dole argued that his bill tried to deal with a prospective military deployment, rather than micro-managing troops already in the field, as the Somalia proposals would have. "I don't believe we should tie the president's hands, but I don't think Congress should sit on its hands," he said before sheepishly backing down.

But perhaps the apogee of Bob Dole's career as a foreign policy politicker came on May 8, when he stood before the thirty-sixth annual policy conference of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee—the Israel lobby. That evening, he pledged to pass a bill to require the president to break ground on a new U.S. Embassy in Jerusalem by the end of the year. This goes far beyond the usual election-eve nonbinding resolutions. Talk about usurping presidential prerogatives! The legislation, of course, would almost certainly be vetoed by Bill Clinton, who considers the proposal an affront to Palestinian feeling and, hence, an obstacle to peace talks.

That would probably suit Dole just fine. Regardless of the merits of moving the embassy (and there are some), this is no matter of principle for Bob Dole. Just five years ago, after a tour of Baghdad, Cairo, Damascus and Amman, Dole expressed regret at the discomfort he'd caused Arabs by supporting a nonbinding resolution that merely recognized united Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. Dole today is plainly pandering, not so much in search of Jewish votes—of which Republican candidates can hope to capture only a minority—but to shore up those conservative Republican Jews who play important roles in his presidential fund-raising efforts.

Still, it won't be easy to reverse the widely held, if somewhat exaggerated, view among American Jews that Bob Dole is hostile to Israel. The senator has always praised Israel as "the only democracy in the region, which supported us when no one else in the Middle East would." But Dole is still haunted by his 1990 efforts to

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exploit public anti-foreign aid sentiment on behalf of President Bush's strategy of pressuring Israel's right-wing Likud government. Dole floated a proposal to cut 5 percent from the countries that get the most U.S. aid—Israel, Egypt, Greece, Turkey and the Philippines—and give the savings to Eastern Europe and Latin America. Dole's own pique was also reportedly a factor. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, he was miffed at the failure of his pro-Israel supporters to deliver on campaign donations promised in 1988, and angry that AIPAC had not helped him in his pet cause—a resolution to declare a national day of remembrance for the Armenian genocide. (The pro-Israel lobby shared a common interest with Turkey in the foreign aid bill and, thus, deferred to the Turkish phobia about acknowledging the Armenian tragedy.)

Dole's ideas on foreign aid were neither inherently crazy nor threatening to the survival of Israel. But he expressed them with his characteristically off-putting asperity (he likened TV images of the West Bank to those from Vietnam) and issued them at a tense time in the Middle East, in the service of an administration seen as hostile to Israel. The gambit backfired. Dole became isolated even among his fellow Senate Republicans. Worse, in hindsight it is clear that both Dole and Bush had taken their eyes off the real threat to stability and peace in the region, Iraq. By early 1990, Dole actually held this remarkable position: he favored hundreds of millions of dollars in loan guarantees to help Saddam Hussein finance grain purchases—the farmers, again—but opposed a $400 million loan guarantee to help Israel house incoming Soviet Jews. "We have homeless veterans in America," he huffed.

In April 1990, Dole led the five-man senatorial delegation that George Bush sent to Mosul in northern Iraq to give Saddam Hussein a mixed message: the United States was concerned about reports of his recent reckless behavior, but the president earnestly wished to continue friendly relations. (Similarly, in 1985, he had been acting at the Reagan administration's behest when he arranged a voice vote to delete a minor committee-drafted sanction on Syria, citing the country's "key role to play in the Middle East, especially in Lebanon and in the search for a more secure peace for Israel.") Dole's responsibility for this sorry appeasement mission is relative, not absolute: it was Bush's idea, not his; his words about the Iraqi dictator after the two-and-a-half hour meeting were wary, not enthusiastic; and he later staunchly supported the use of force to free Kuwait.

Still, Dole did repeat, in bland tones that implied some sympathy, Saddam's preposterous claim that he had no nuclear ambitions or desire to attack Israel. There's no good explanation for Dole's failure to grasp the nature of the Iraqi dictatorship, or for his persistence in resisting principled efforts by other senators to cut off Iraq's grain credits even before the invasion of Kuwait. Again, it was his fellow Kansan, Kassebaum, who managed to formulate the essence of the issue. "I cannot believe any farmer in this nation would want to send his products, subsidized sales ... to a country that has tortured and injured their children, the Kurdish children," she said.

Dole, then, is a pragmatic internationalist, a cold war conservative who can compromise, but whose record is basically one of cautious, politically inspired support for presidents of his own party. However, his ambitions and partisanship sometimes led him into dubious policy terrain. Is there any instance in which Dole's position on a foreign-policy issue has been determined mostly by a fourth "p"—principle? Take another look at the obscure matter of Dole's fight for a resolution to memorialize the Armenian genocide. For the story of Armenia is connected to that bloody day in Italy fifty years ago. It provides a clue to how Bob Dole, Washington pol and dealmaker, can on occasion draw a moral line.

Dole's war injuries were far more extensive than it may seem today. Vertebrae were shattered, as well as his arm. For a while it seemed he might never walk again. His long confinement in bed was marked by several brushes with death from secondary infections. Finally, in 1947, Dole heard about a physician in Chicago, Dr. Hampar Kelikian, who was said to be having some success treating similar injuries with new forms of orthopedic surgery. Dole's neighbors in the small town of Russell, Kansas, pooled their funds to send him to Chicago. The doctor performed seven grueling operations on Dole for no charge. To Dr. Kelikian, an Armenian immigrant, healing a vet was the least he could do for his adopted country. Born in Turkey, Dr. Kelikian had fled during World War I, as Ottoman armies systematically exterminated some 1.5 million Armenians, among them the doctor's three sisters.

Kelikian not only helped Dole regain partial use of his right arm, he also supervised Dole's rehabilitation. And, in long hours of conversation with the patient, he gave him a new sense of self-esteem and hope. Kelikian's widow, Ovsanna Kelikian, says it was the doctor who first suggested to Dole that, even if his paralysis would not permit him to pursue medicine, his pre-war ambition, he could still go to law school and pursue a career in politics. "Senator Dole is like a member of our family," she told me, choking back tears.

It's true. Dole has maintained a close relationship with the Kelikians for decades. (The doctor himself died twelve years ago.) A year ago, when Dole visited the battlefield in Italy in conjunction with the D-Day fiftieth anniversary, the doctor's daughter, Alice Kelikian, a professor of Italian history at Brandeis, went along as a translator. Both Ovsanna and Alice Kelikian have "maxed out" as $1,000 contributors to Dole's 1996 campaign, and the friendship has undoubtedly helped Dole win donations from other prominent Armenian-Americans. The Armenian community is small, though, and the overall contributions a drop in the bucket. Dole's affinity for Armenia is no exercise in ethnic pandering.

From Dr. Kelikian, Dole also absorbed the history of the Armenian genocide. The tragedy of his own family, Kelikian explained to Dole, was a small part of a greater

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tragedy that few in the outside world bothered to acknowledge. Dole seems to have been genuinely moved by the stories told to him by the gentle and considerate man who healed him physically and psychologically. So Dole wasn't just posturing when, in 1978, he introduced a bill requiring the United States to veto International Monetary Fund loans to Pol Pot's Cambodia and Idi Amin's Uganda. The same year, he helped Representative Stephen Solarz of New York push through legislation that brought 15,000 refugees from Cambodia to the U.S. on an emergency basis. "That time he really helped save lives," Solarz recalls. "The Thai army was just about to kick them out of the refugee camps back into Cambodia." In 1986, Dole led a fight to ratify the Genocide Convention, outflanking Jesse Helms to get the bill through.

In late 1989 and early 1990, Dole waged his politically costly battle for a national day of remembrance for the Armenian genocide. In deference to the Turks, the Bush administration opposed him. Most senators were for him initially, but began to back off once the Turks and Bush weighed in. As Dole desperately attempted to bring the defectors back into line, his remarks in the floor debate were passionate and thoroughly researched, his patented acidity relatively restrained. His efforts to prove that he was pursuing a widely held Senate view, not a matter born of personal sentiment, were so transparent they seemed to confirm the opposite:

> Let me confess that I never paid much attention to this tragedy until I met an Armenian doctor in Chicago after World War II. He did not dwell on the genocide. He dwelled on healing me. But he did indicate he was born in Turkey and members of his family were victims of the genocide. I never paid much attention to it at the time. I was trying to get out of the Army and get well, and he was operating on me a number of times, but I sort of kept that in the back of my mind. Even after I came to Congress, I never focused much on what was called the Armenian genocide. But I guess the longer I was around, and the more I saw other senators stand up and speak about it, I must confess I guess my personal relationship with Dr. Kelikian may have had an impact, but it was not anything that sort of drove me to this position. But I heard other senators, Republicans and Democrats, stand up on this floor condemning this atrocity. So one day I made a speech.

Maybe this also helps explain the fact that, even as Dole has flip-flopped on the Mideast and pandered endlessly to the agriculture lobby, he has taken a lonely and remarkably consistent stand on principle to save Bosnia. He had, to be sure, a long-standing interest in Eastern Europe, having served on the Senate's Helsinki Committee. Visiting Yugoslavia's Albanian-majority province of Kosovo in 1990, he watched Serbian police beat up Albanians who had poured into the streets to greet him; one was killed. As a result, he pushed legislation ordering the Bush administration to certify free and fair elections in the various Yugoslav and ex-Soviet republics before releasing any more aid. His early, sustained interest in the Yugoslav breakup was largely due to his aide Mira Baratta, who, as Dole's critics like to mutter in private, is a Croatian-American. While her ethnicity obviously matters, it's not likely Dole would let any aide push him into positions he didn't want to take himself.

Rather, the most plausible explanation for this seems to be an emotional and moral one rooted in his effort to salvage meaning from his World War II sacrifice and his sensitization to genocide via the tale of the Armenians. The horror inflicted on Dr. Kelikian's sisters eight decades ago is happening again to the Muslims of Bosnia, on the same continent where Bob Dole gave his right arm to ensure aggression and genocide would never be appeased again. "Mr. Milosevic, your time is running out," Dole thundered in an op-ed in the December 17, 1992, *Los Angeles Times*. "The United States and the world won't let you get away with genocide.... Like Hitler, you have embarked on a war against civilization. The fate of Hitler's Germany awaits you."

Believing that Bill Clinton would follow up his campaign promises to get tough on the Serbs, Dole initially held back in his criticisms of the new president on the issue. But, after the U.N. waffled on protecting the enclave of Srebrenica in April 1993 and Christopher failed to bring the Europeans around on the arms embargo a month later, Dole ended his tacit alliance with Clinton and resumed his efforts to legislate an end to the arms embargo on Bosnia. Thanks to a Dole-sponsored amendment to the 1995 defense bill, the administration was required to take the (mostly symbolic) step of ending U.S. enforcement of the embargo at sea. Having included a call for lifting the embargo in the new House foreign aid bill, the Republican Congress seems increasingly to be converging on a Dole-inspired policy of unilaterally lifting the embargo—and to be on a collision course over the policy with the White House.

Bob Dole can't become president before January 20, 1997. By then Bosnia may have been saved—or, more likely, it may have sunk into a disaster from which even massive intervention can't rescue it. By then, the growing separation between the U.S. and its European partners may have doomed any chance that the two sides can act forcefully together. Dole's principled rhetoric will be rendered moot, and he'll be off the hook. He'll never have to deal with the potential downside of the policy he advocates so relentlessly now: a wider war; British, French and even American casualties; retributive "ethnic cleansing" by America's new Muslim clients.

This, Dole's critics charge, is probably the best reason to suspect that the senator is, in fact, just posturing. Don't be too sure. The predictable truth about Bob Dole is that his principles are difficult to discern amid the mistakes and compromises of a long, and often expedient, career. The surprising truth is that a trace of principle does remain. If Bosnia still has a fighting chance in 1997, and Dole is elected, he might just make good on his promises to the beleaguered nation—and his promises to reassert American power unilaterally in the world. And, if it works, he might just show that the lessons his generation learned are still the ones that matter most to the pursuit of American interests. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Crossroads

It's time to forgive Meryl Streep again. All through her film career, she has had ups and downs, with fewer lapses in her acting than in her recurrently barren choices of material that didn't even allow her to act. This time she has chosen something that really gives her a chance. It's not a major work—it's not even a minor work—but her performance in it is fine.

I've read that Richard LaGravenese's screenplay of **The Bridges of Madison County** (Warner Bros.) differs substantially from Robert James Waller's novel. I'll never know. I'll comment only on the film, which might be called *Brief Encounter in Iowa.* As in David Lean's 1945 weepie made from a Noel Coward play, a woman, married to a decent man, falls torrentially in love with a much more romantic man who is passing through her life. Momentarily she is tempted to go off with the new man, but she settles for the decent life.

Lean's film doesn't tell us whether Celia Johnson kept the memory of Trevor Howard alight in her mind all the rest of her days, but Streep certainly keeps it flaming for Clint Eastwood. She even leaves a journal of her affair for her son and daughter to read after her death years later.

Since this four-day affair is meant to be seen as poetic and pure, a film about it for a wide audience had to wrap it in moralistic cotton wool. The son and daughter, both with troubled marriages, are at first shocked by their mother's confession. (Their father died years earlier, as did the lover.) But, lubricated by bourbon, they come to appreciate the nobility of their mother's experience, and, what's more, the knowledge of her experience helps them to reclaim their marriages. The logic of this isn't quite clear, but at any rate, it all comes out morally swell.

What's more, the son and daughter become friends with a woman their mother had befriended, a woman who had once been ostracized in this Iowa community because she had been discovered in an affair. So everything ends up sugarcoated for those of us with a sweet tooth—or teeth.

In fact, the justification begins even earlier, with the mother's character. *She isn't American.* Francesca (Streep's role) is Italian, a war bride brought back to this Iowa farm by a G.I. husband. Well, that explains it. No real American wife would have succumbed, even for four days.

The year of the affair is 1965. Eastwood is a photojournalist, a world-wanderer, who has come to Madison County in Iowa to do a picture essay on covered bridges for *National Geographic.* (His first link with Francesca is that, in his wanderings, he once spent a few days in her native city, Bari.) Eastwood, who directed the picture adequately, is inadequate in this role. He has done a lot of impressive acting in films, but none of it has been sexually romantic, and the age of 64 was not the right time to take up that line of work. Now, blatantly geriatric, his neck pleated like an accordion, his face more skull-like than strong, his body a mere scaffolding, he is so unstimulating that he maims the film's chances for lowest-level fantasy. Simply by being in the film, by being half of the amorous duo, Eastwood robs us of cheap thrills.

Not even Streep can save him. All we can see is that, if the man were her equal, the picture might have had some good weeping in it. She certainly does her best toward that end—a well-designed, perfectly accomplished performance. First, that reliable Streep virtuosity, the accent. She really does sound like an Italian woman who has spent twenty years in the Midwest. Second, her face. Here of course she had assistance from make-up people and camera; still, Streep herself realizes the plain-peasant housewife of the beginning who becomes a woman living centrally in desire. And there are her hands. At the start, they are unremarkable. Then, as the affair progresses, as—in a sense—she becomes younger, more Italian, they move swan-like around her bosom, her face, in surprise, embarrassment, joy.

But the moment I'll most vividly remember is not from the affair. Years later, when her husband is bedridden, dying, the gray-haired Francesca lies next to him, consoling herself for her lost romance with the fact that she can now console this devoted man. It's lovely.

A few factual oddities. Francesca's four days of freedom occur when her husband and (then) teenage children

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Dreaming of Rita. *Per Oscarsson, the sterling Swedish actor, plays an old man who still cherishes images of Rita Hayworth. The results entangle his daughter, her husband and their children. Excellently amiable comedy. (Reviewed 6/12/95)* **A Pure Formality.** *Roman Polanski, as actor, is much better than he has been lately as director. Here he's a French police inspector confronting Gérard Depardieu, a murder suspect. Creaky script, uncreaky acting. (6/19/95)* **Smoke.** *Extraordinary. Paul Auster's screenplay, astringently written, ingeniously braided, follows several stories in and around a Brooklyn cigar store. William Hurt and Harvey Keitel excel in a sturdy cast, Wayne Wang directs austerely. (6/26/95)* **While You Were Sleeping.** *Sandra Bullock really is as good as everyone says—in this frothy piece about a young woman pretending to be a comatose man's fiancée. (5/22/95)*—**SK**

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go off to a fair with the daughter's steer that has been entered in a contest. Obviously this is a farm with livestock on it, with attendant chores. While her family is absent, Francesca never does a lick of farm work except for one moment on a garden tractor.

And Francesca seems certain that no passerby will see the other man in or around her house or will see her with him when she accompanies him on photo jaunts. No one does. Pretty neat.

The Postman (Miramax) is a touching Italian film that would be even more so if it were twenty minutes shorter. In the early 1950s Pablo Neruda was exiled from Chile for political reasons and, in 1952, spent some time in a villa on Capri. (The film gilds the facts. He was politically unwelcome in Italy. According to his memoirs, only an invitation from the historian Edwin Cerio, who offered him a villa on Capri, secured him a stay there. Not mentioned in the picture.)

This villa, according to the screenplay adapted from a novel by Antonio Skarmeta, was in a locality where everyone but Neruda was illiterate. He was the only one in the area who received mail, and every day a postman bicycled up from the nearest village to bring the world-famous poet his letters and packages. A friendship grows between him and the postman, with respect and humble dignity on the postman's part, with genuine response from Neruda. He helps the postman both with his efforts at poetry and with his courtship of the local beauty.

If the film had ended with Neruda's departure—recalled to Chile—it would have been a shapely little bittersweet story. But it's protracted into a political finish that has absolutely no connection, in narrative or tone, with what preceded it.

Michael Radford, who directed *1984* and *White Mischief* and who collaborated on this screenplay, kept the good four-fifths of the film in perfect balance. Franco Di Giacomo's camera lets the landscape ravish us. A further Italian treat for the eye is Maria Grazia Cucinotta, fiery and grave as the young woman. Philippe Noiret is Neruda, perfect in conjoined celebrity and reticence. (In *Cinema Paradiso* Noiret was dubbed in Italian. Perhaps here he himself spoke the lines, since Neruda would have had a foreign accent.)

But the best treasure is Massimo Troisi, the Neapolitan actor of theater and film who is the postman. By the 1990s he had achieved a position in Italy, along with Nanni Moretti and Maurizio Nichetti, as one of the leading Italian film artists of his generation. Troisi had heart problems; and, we're told, he died the day after the shooting of *The Postman* was finished.

His performance would have been poignant anyway—a luminous face, a delicate surety of manner and speech. The fact that every day of filming took him closer to death obviously has nothing to do with art; obviously, too, it matters. •

Luc Sante on Photography

The Iron Age

Like scientists of an earlier age, Hilla and Bernd Becher are engaged in a vast, presumably lifelong, and seemingly exhaustive taxonomic project. Their task is to document photographically what remains of the industrial age in Western Europe and the United States. In collaboration since 1957, they have recorded lime kilns, coal silos, blast furnaces, coal mine tipples, cooling towers, water towers, gas tanks and factory and warehouse façades. But they are artists whose work combines a deadpan and unadorned directness; an appreciation of form that takes in extremes of simplicity and complication, plain functionalism and overt artistry; and a certain ineffable sadness. They are laconic poets; passionate collectors and dispassionate chroniclers.

Many Americans first saw their work in the 1970s, in group shows of a Conceptual bent, where their coolly rigorous photos of similar but subtly different structures, mounted nine to a frame, stood out from the pretentiously hazy picture 'n' text assemblages that were the norm. The company in which the Bechers were shown amplified their subjects' sculptural qualities—it comes as no surprise to learn that one of their earliest books was called *Anonyme Skulpturen*—but it also gave their work ironic implications that were not at all intended. A different kind of irony was

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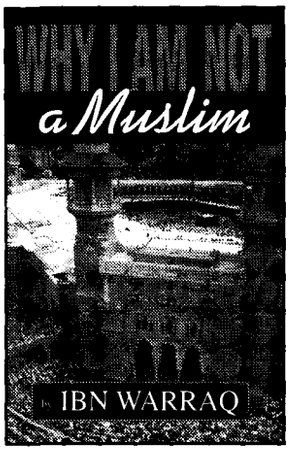

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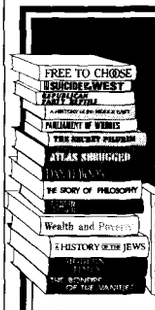

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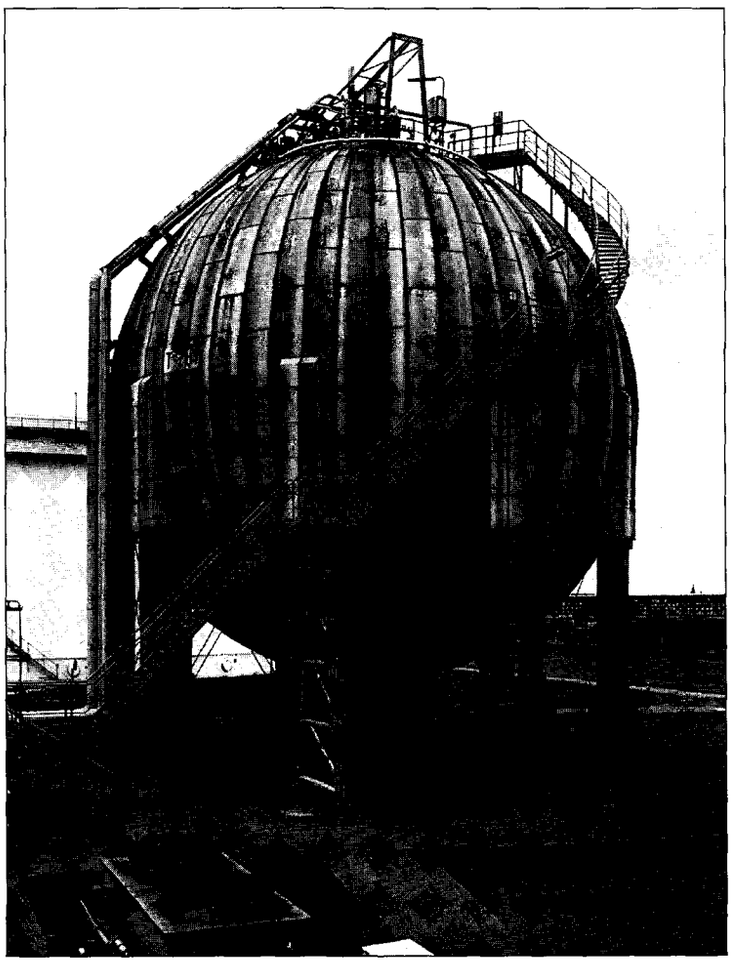
gathering then, too, as their work was increasingly shown in what had formerly been factory spaces. The date of the Bechers' initial collaboration coincides with the first tollings of the bell for the industrial era, when entire branches of manufacture began to pass from the Western world. But if the Bechers came to attend the burial, they did not do so gleefully. Unlike many in the art world who were only too happy to convert the ruins to their own ends, the Bechers approached with solemn respect, aware of the vast number of mostly forgotten lives spent by industry, and also of the lives endangered by its end.

The Bechers are based in Düsseldorf, and form part of a Rhenisch tradition of "objective" photography whose founding father was August Sander. His own unfinished and unfinishabie project of photographing every human type sounds vaguely unsavory in description—a pigeonholing enterprise that might have issued from ethology—but the pictures themselves demonstrate Sander's humanist and democratic principles. The peasants, the circus folk, the bohemians, the bourgeois all have the same weight and value in his photographs, and all are individuals as much as types. (The Nazis recognized this, and paid Sander's books the compliment of burning them.) While objective photography might wear the trappings of a dubious, positivistic science, in reality it claims only to represent aspects of the world in as neutral a fashion as possible. The discipline this photography borrows from science permits it to dispense with hierarchical values, aesthetic or otherwise.

The Bechers have thus trained their joint eye on an unjustly scorned architecture and have displayed it in all its magnificence. They are judiciously methodical in showing it, avoiding first of all the drama that could stand in the way of true perception. They avoid sunlight and shadow, and wait for overcast skies. They avoid deceptive angles, and mount ladders or scaffolds in order to make the focal center of each photograph sit about halfway up each structure. When it is at all possible, they avoid showing humans in their pictures. Each tank, each tower, each façade is permitted to compose the terms of its own portraiture. The Bechers obviously make no claims to exhaustiveness, since such a thing would hardly be feasible, but they do range over a considerable territory in their hunt for examples: Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, France, Switzerland, Italy, England, Wales, Scotland, the United States. If this choice of compass sounds suspiciously Eurocentric, it must be borne in mind that the list coincides with the limits of the heroic age of industrialization. This was the developed world circa 1900.



WESSELING/KÖLN, 1983 BY BERND & HILLA BECHER

While the Bechers do not restrict themselves to the productions of the turn of the century, that time has bequeathed them many of their most striking subjects. In *Water Towers* (MIT Press, 1988, $60, the first of their books to be published in the United States), the decades before World War I appear as a period of extraordinary fantasy, one part utopian and one part atavistic. No dates are given for the construction of the structures, any more than their architects are identified—their names are lost to time and to industrial anonymity—but it is hard to imagine the most flamboyant of them being built in the sober world after 1918. One subspecies clearly belongs to the era of Jules Verne: a sort of brickface futurism, as in the item pictured on the cover, a ball-and-cone design that looks like a lighthouse with a planetarium upstairs.

The Bechers document eight variations of this particular form, all of them in Germany. The group is preceded by four examples of a design that hoists a sort of Dutch oven above a conical tower. It is succeeded by four others in which the globe is smaller and rests on a kind of Elizabethan collar, while the tower is fatter and begins to take on a decidedly medieval character with, in the last example, tall and narrow windowlike recesses. After a couple of Art Moderne edifices (the supporting towers have become severely octagonal or hexagonal, and hemispheres of the same diameter merge into them, giving the whole a strikingly penile shape), the Bechers' narrative takes off into the realm of nostalgic bombast—a Romanesque basilica, a fat and upright Tower of Pisa, an angular Crusader fortress out of some Ufa production of *The Song of Roland*, an onion-topped extravaganza that looks like a science-fiction Kremlin (it is in Mönchengladbach).

This narrative is one of shape alone, disregarding age or location or even degrees of adornment, although these characteristics affect shape, so that like objects tend to fall together. The Italians usually build Tuscan towers, and the French designs look tremendously French no matter what their nominal style might be. The Americans know two major forms. One is the eternal shingle-sided oilcan with pitched roof, such as you see on the tops of buildings all over New York City (the Bechers supply fifteen nearly identical examples), although some of them stand on rickety derricks in the wilds of the Midwest. The other is the squashed sphere that mushrooms atop a skinny column; often it will be emblazoned with the proud name of its hometown, such as Circle City (New Jersey) or Macedonia (Ohio).

I've seen examples of both, including

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Circle City itself, but without ever being terribly aware of them. In fact, the Bechers' book contains specimens from both my hometown (Verviers, Belgium) and my wife's (Akron, Ohio), but neither of us can recall ever seeing these particular objects. The Akron item is a blah cylinder above a funnel in a railyard, but the Verviers one is a ball-and-cone job of such cartoonish proportions that it looks like a tepee supporting the Unisphere. And, of course, this ignorance is part of the Bechers' point: these may be utilitarian objects, variously drab, elegant, functional, ambitious, deceptive, grandiose, recessive and delirious, but all of them are worthy of notice. They are themselves art of a sort, or at least testimonials to human ingenuity, and yet we take them so much for granted that we may fail to notice them right past the moment when the last example of an entire design genus is demolished and thereby eradicated from all memory.

The water towers are wonderfully entertaining, the Bechers' selection taking us on a whirlwind tour of twentieth-century motifs. Perhaps no other sort of structure could span the range from outhouse sordidness to baroque grandeur while maintaining a basic similarity of form. And because many of the towers stand in places accessible to the public, the pictures incorporate various details that afford us incidental documentary pleasures, however minute—graffiti, billboards, a café in the base of a squat structure in Essen (with a lace-curtained window above), a group of what look like tourists outside an edifice in Mannheim that could dupe anyone into thinking it might be of historical significance, a Le Pen sticker on a particularly grimy toadstool-shaped specimen in a French wayside called Mon Idée.

Considerably more austere is the Bechers' study of gas tanks in *Gas Tanks* (MIT Press, 1993, $55). Gasholders, as they are referred to within the text, come in four flavors: multiple-section, spiral-guided, piston-type and spherical. They are mostly unprepossessing. You've seen them countless times driving through the industrial wastelands located in the zip codes just outside your city. At least you've seen the multiple-section model, which is essentially a cylindrical metal scaffold—which might, when you're tired, make you think of a sports stadium of a bygone era—enclosing the container itself, a concrete "bell" that is suspended in a water tank, rising to the top when it is full, gradually becoming submerged as it empties.

American, German, Belgian, French, British, they are remarkably similar, all except one in Tyldesley, outside of Manchester, that looks like the supporting structure for an ornate pavilion at a Victorian exposition. And yet they are all quite distinct, and appear more so with repeated viewing. The latticework on the scaffolding is subtly different in each one, even in the case of two tanks that are located in the same German town and at first glance appear identical. The spiral-guided model (apparently restricted to Germany and Britain) and the piston-type (Germany only) are even plainer; they are drums, period. The spherical design is more futuristic and as a bonus provides instant recall of the last scene of *White Heat* ("Top of the world, ma!").

The Bechers are naturalists of the waning industrial world, as passionately interested in the barely visible distinctions between two forty-foot steel-sided natural-gas containers as their counterparts in forest or desert are in regard to narrowly differentiated species of dung beetle. The Bechers do not renounce playfulness or allusion, but for them such qualities are accessory. They have the voraciousness of collectors, the elegaic gaze of memorialists and the purposeful yet wide-ranging attention of taxonomists attempting to inventory uncharted territory. In their field, such categories as have previously been established pertain

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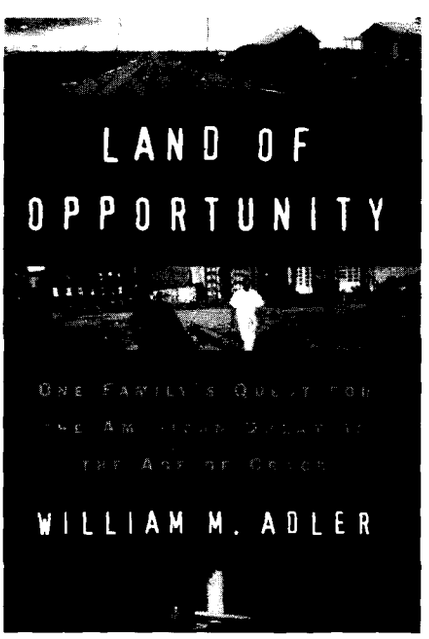

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only to engineering; the Bechers' own texts are terse summaries of the functional aspects of their subjects. When it comes to nonessential design factors—appearance, that is—they are free to set their own terms, and their objective stance compels them to regard a single line of rivets as equally significant a marking as a full-blown mannerist conceit.

If their study of gas tanks shows the Bechers at their most scientifically prim, their new book, *Industrial Façades* (MIT Press, $75), is unequivocally the work of artists. "Industrial façades" can mean virtually anything: front, back or side views of factory buildings, warehouses, depots, mining sheds or other miscellanea. (Specific functions are not identified in the captions.) It would seem that the only stricture the Bechers set themselves was to allow no flat, horizontal roofs; every roof in the book has a pitch or a cant or a curve or a step, and every roof angle is pictured head-on, as in a child's drawing of a house. This sets up a basic, usually pentagonal shape that is filled in, from time to time and place to place, with a century's worth of design creeds, from neogothic to minimalist. One of the collection's subsidiary functions, therefore, is to provide a sort of trickle-down art history. You can spot the influence of the Wiener Werkstatte in the beautifully restrained ornamentation—stripes and curves—on a factory hall in Bochum, and then note subtle glass or steel grids on newer buildings in several countries whose designers might as well have been thinking of Robert Ryman or Dorothea Rockburne.

Since the house-front is the basic unit, its anthropomorphic qualities—door as mouth, windows as eyes—stand out. Even in the case of structures that have no doors or windows it is hard to suppress the notion that we are looking at a collection of portraits. Most of them are veterans of hard campaigns, some are wizened but still decked out in their finery, some are close to death and have all their windows broken, some are giant blank idiots. There are buildings here that are imposing in their dimensions, or magnificent in their detail, or frightening in their frenzy of pipelines and smokestacks, and then there are little two-bay garages in Union City, with Dutch step-gable roofs thrown in for comic relief. The gray skies the Bechers require take on additional poignancy here, giving the line-up the feeling of an All Souls' Day visit to family tombs.

Or maybe that's just a personal sentiment. I see in these buildings likenesses of all the factories worked in by generations of my relatives, covering every period right up to the corrugated steel shed of the present. It is to the Bechers' great credit that such sentiments can be taken into account. Their refusal of irony and beautification, their impartial sense of record, prevent this book from being merely a modish cribbook of styles. Their avoidance of human figures likewise permits the attendance at these scenes of the assembled ghosts of the wageslaves who labored in them, as well as evoking the living who continue to do so. The Bechers' rigor and lack of affect allow them to pay appropriate tribute to the many anonymous designers, engineers, builders and laborers whose efforts they preserve. Like them, the Bechers know the weight of responsibility. •

The Mark of Zora

By Andrew Delbanco

Novels & Stories
by Zora Neale Hurston
edited by Cheryl A. Wall
(The Library of America, 1,041 pp., $35)

Folklore, Memoirs, & Other Writings
by Zora Neale Hurston
edited by Cheryl A. Wall
(The Library of America, 1,001 pp., $35)

In the 1930s, Zora Neale Hurston was among the Negro darlings of New York white society. Of all the "Niggerati," as Langston Hughes put it, she was "certainly the most amusing." Having come to town in 1925 at the suggestion of her instructors at Howard University (where she had taken classes while working as a maid and a manicurist), she burst into the circle of black writers and white patrons whom they escorted to Harlem night spots. She signed her letters to white friends, "Your pickaninny, Zora," and was known for her flamboyance, her pranks (she once lifted subway fare from a beggar's cup, with a promise to repay him later), and her brazen talk. "I never expect to have a greater thrill than that wire gave me," was how she remembered receiving the telegram informing her that J.B. Lippincott would publish her first novel, *Jonah's Gourd Vine* (1934). "You know the feeling when you found your first pubic hair. Greater than that."

It was at Barnard College, which Hurston attended on a scholarship arranged by one of her benefactors, that she learned that the rural black speech with which she had grown up in the South was an object of anthropological interest for white intellectuals. At Barnard she became a protégé of the revered anthropologist Franz Boas, whom, to the delight of his cowed white students, she called "Papa Franz" to his face. Charmed by her insolence and her intelligence, Boas dispatched her to Harlem, where she was assigned the task of disproving theories of Negro inferiority by measuring the skulls of pedestrians. Then he sent her south to collect lore.

After graduation, Hurston became, like many talented writers in the early '30s, a kind of vagabond reporter, subsisting on fellowships arranged by Boas and on a stipend provided by one of her New York patrons. The understanding was, as she put it in her autobiography *Dust Tracks on a Road* (1942), that she would "tell the tales, sing the songs, do the dances, and repeat the raucous sayings and doings of the Negro farthest down." In Florida, Louisiana and the West Indies, she gathered material that she would eventually use in *Jonah's Gourd Vine*, a fictional reconstruction of her parents' lives in the black community of Eatonville, Florida, and in her folklore collections, *Mules and Men* (1935) and *Tell My Horse* (1938).

Her life, she reported later, "was in danger several times ... [because] primitive minds are quick to sunshine and quick to anger." While on the road she sometimes lived in her car (which she named "Sassie Susie"), carried a revolver (pearl-handled) when the situation seemed to require it and sent off an occasional sketch for

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publication. "In one case," as she later recalled, about a Hoodoo initiation ceremony in New Orleans, "... I lay naked for three days and nights on a couch, with my navel to a rattlesnake skin which had been dressed and dedicated to the ceremony." By the mid-'30s, Hurston had a recognized byline in academic journals, where she published articles on Negro dance and musical traditions, and in general magazines, to which she contributed profiles and reviews. With the publication in 1937 of *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, a novel of great vitality and erotic power that she wrote "under internal pressure in seven weeks" while researching religious practices in Haiti, she became a minor literary celebrity.

In much of her writing, Hurston was preoccupied with the destructive force of love, which renders a woman vulnerable to a man who cannot subdue his compulsive need for new conquests. Testing this theme in *Jonah's Gourd Vine*, in which she told the tale of her father's inconstancy, she explored the proximity of passion to violence for a black man whose sphere of authority is circumscribed within a domestic circle, outside of which he controls nothing. She understood how a wife becomes both an idol and a torment to such a man. "Ain't never no man tuh breathe in yo' face but me," says John to his wife in *Jonah's Gourd Vine*, with a threat that comes from the depth of his soul. If she deceives him, "Ahm goin' tuh kill you jes' ez sho ez gun is iron."

ZORA NEALE HURSTON BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, Hurston relinquished the mobility of the omniscient narrator who had moved in *Jonah's Gourd Vine* between the consciousnesses of husband and wife. In the new novel she continued to write in the third person, but it is a voice that speaks almost exclusively from within the mind of the woman who stands at the center of the tale, Janie Crawford. This is a book of extremely intimate emotion, "dammed up in me," as Hurston later put it, until she found the form into which it could be released. She had broken off an affair with a much younger West Indian man (she was nearly 40 when they met, he was 23) with whom she had been "soaked ... in ecstasy," but who had had fixed ideas about a woman's dependency to which she could not bring herself to conform. *Their Eyes Were Watching God* is, in part, a testament to their doomed passion.

Like *Jonah's Gourd Vine*, the new book was set in a world in which white people existed only as flickering shadows. In *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, however, there is a more vivid sense of their oppressive presence—a sense of how hard it is for any black family to make a dignified life out of scraps from the white man's table. Raised by a grandmother who was born into slavery and raped by her master, Janie is the repository of the old woman's dreams and the object of her protection. At the first sign of Janie's sexual awakening—which Hurston evokes beautifully in a scene where the girl "stretched on her back beneath the pear tree soaking in the alto chant of the visiting bees ... [and watched] a dust-bearing bee sink into the sanctum of a bloom"—her grandmother arranges a marriage to a respectable farmer. He is a solid man who chops enough wood to keep the stove hot and "keeps both water buckets full." When the girl objects that she feels nothing for him—"But Nanny, ah wants to want him sometimes. Ah don't want him to do all de wantin' "—she is admonished for her romantic fantasies, for feeling that he is "desecrating the pear tree" in which she had beheld "the thousand sister-calyxes arch to meet the love embrace" of the bee.

Later, after she has endured two dutiful marriages, Janie explains her grandmother's thinking to a friend:

> [Nanny] was borned in slavery time when folks, dat is black folks, didn't sit down anytime dey felt lak it. So sittin' on porches lak de white madam looked lak uh mighty fine thing tuh her. Dat's whut she wanted for me—don't keer whut it cost. Git up on uh high chair and sit dere. She didn't have time tuh think whut tuh do after you got up on de stool uh do nothin'. De object wuz tuh git dere. So Ah got up on de high stool lak she told me, but Pheoby, Ah done nearly languished tuh death up dere. Ah felt like do world wuz cryin' extry and Ah ain't read de common news yet.

This is Janie's retrospective account of how she had become parched in the keeping of her firs husband, and why, when Joe Starks, "a cityfied, stylish dressed man," coaxed her away from her servitude, she jumped at the chance.

But life with Starks turns out to be just another episode of stool-sitting, this time behind the counter of his general store, where he installs her as a decorative clerk. "The spirit of the marriage left the bedroom and took to living in the parlor. It was there to shake hands whenever company came to visit, but it never went back inside the bedroom again." Hurston often described with cruel precision the slackening of a man's body ("he had let his waistline go a bit," she wrote about her West Indian lover, "and that bespoke his inside feeling"), but she always preserved enough sympathy to catch the hints of fear and self-hatred in his expression as he watches the damage inflicted by time:

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> One day she noticed that Joe didn't sit down. He just stood in front of a chair and fell in it.... He didn't rear back in his knees any longer. He squatted over his ankles when he walked.... His prosperous-looking belly that used to thrust out so pugnaciously and intimidate folks, sagged like a load suspended from his loins. It didn't seem to be part of him anymore. Eyes a little absent too.

When Starks dies, Janie—now a woman in her 40s—pines again for the kind of "self-crushing love" she has felt only as an unquenched longing.

"Self-crushing love" finally arrives in the form of a young man known as Tea-Cake. A drifter in his 20s, he seems "a glance from God," as if he were "crushing scent out of the world with his footsteps." Even as she is drawn to him, Janie is warned and scolded and clucked at by her friends. Her grandmother's lesson—that love is "de very prong all of us black women gits hung on"—is rehearsed for her again. She has learned from her own experience, after all, that a man's ministrations to her desire can be just a spasm between his stretches of indifference or abuse. So, at first, she withholds herself, suspecting that Tea-Cake's professions of hot love are merely "night thought[s]," and that he will resume his cool scheming in the morning.

As love overwhelms Janie and sweeps her along toward tragedy, Hurston fills the novel with glimpses of women who have been destroyed by falling for younger men—Annie Tyler, for instance, "who at 52 had been left a widow with a good home and insurance money." Wearing "under-sized high-heel slippers [that] were punishing her tired feet," she runs off with a young flatterer, "her body squeezed and crowded into a tight corset that shoved her middle up under her chin." Then, a few weeks later, she turns up discarded, with "all the capers that cheap dye could cut ... showing in her hair ... her hanging bosom and stomach and buttocks and legs ... draped down over her ankles." In this image Janie sees a premonition of herself.

After the exertion of writing *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, Hurston had two more novels in her. The first, published in 1939, was *Moses, Man of the Mountain*, a zany burlesque of the Book of Exodus that recasts the prophet as a kind of jive godfather. Ever since she had been captivated as a child by the stories of the Old Testament, Hurston had admired the Jews for having "a God who laid about Him when they needed Him":

> I came to start reading the Bible through my mother. She gave me a licking one afternoon for repeating something I had overheard a neighbor telling her. She locked me in her room after the whipping, and the Bible was the only thing in there for me to read. I happened to open to the place where David was doing some mighty smiting, and I got interested. David went here and he went there, and no matter where he went, he smote 'em hip and thigh. Then he sung songs to his harp a while, and went out and smote some more. Not one time did David stop and preach about sins and things. All David wanted to know from God was who to kill and when. He took care of the other details himself. I liked him a lot.

Now, with a kind of antic reverence, she expropriated the story of the Jews' redemption under Moses as an exemplum for contemporary black life. The trouble is, she retells it with a mix of bombast and parody that one would expect from a script by Cecil B. DeMille and Spike Lee. It becomes a blackface farce: "We remember the nice fresh fish we used to get back there in Egypt every day," the grumbling Jews recall about the good old days under Pharaoh. "Nice sweettasting little pan-fish and a person could get all they could eat for five cents. Unhunh! ... and the leeks and onions and plenty garlic for seasoning!"

And nearly ten years later, in 1948, came *Seraph on the Suwanee*, a psychological portrait of a white couple, of which Hurston's biographer, Robert Hemenway, has aptly said that its main male character "becomes a shrimp-boat captain for the sole purpose of demonstrating Hurston's knowledge of shrimping."

As Hurston lost her bearings as an artist, her personal life fell apart, too. Her relations became strained with her chief patron, Charlotte Mason, who held publication rights to the materials that Hurston had gathered on the expeditions south, and who balked at her plan to adapt them for commercial theatrical performance. In the mid-1940s, Lippincott rejected two novels, one about wealthy blacks, the other set in Eatonville; and various other projects, including a biography of Herod the Great (for which she invited Winston Churchill to write an introduction), never came to fruition. After two short-lived marriages and an aborted engagement, she was falsely accused of molesting a young boy. Although the case was dismissed after an investigation, she never quite recovered, and spent her last years in ill health, working as a maid, an office clerk and a substitute teacher. She died impoverished, in a Florida welfare home in 1960.

If this life is a sad tale of talent dissipated, the posthumous career of Hurston's reputation is an entirely different story. Since the late 1970s, when she was acknowledged as an exemplary genius by a rising group of black women writers (Alice Walker arranged for a headstone to be placed in the cemetery where Hurston was buried in an unmarked grave), her work has become a fixture in anthologies and on college reading lists. And now that the Library of America has issued a two-volume edition of her collected work, excellently edited by Cheryl Wall, her status as a classic seems secure.

The fluctuations of Hurston's reputation constitute a precise register of the mood not only of American literary culture in the twentieth century, but of the racial attitudes that have accounted for an important part of its context. In the '20s and '30s, she was a curiosity, a brainy black girl who could coax "her people" to talk the old lingo so that it might be written down and preserved before it disappeared. Franz Boas, whose students included Ruth Benedict and Margaret Mead, and who had, according to Hurston, "no pet wishes to prove," was a forward-looking man skeptical of received platitudes about racial difference. But he was also trafficking in old notions about the distinction between deracinated city-dwellers and country people whose ideas, as Jane Addams (writing about the "South Italian peasant") had put it at the turn of the century, "have come directly... from their struggle with nature."

What Boas had at hand a few blocks from Columbia was a living laboratory stocked by the postwar migration of rural southern blacks to the northern metropolis. And what Addams had said of her transplanted Italians seemed to apply equally well (if one substitutes cotton and tobacco for "olives and oranges") to the Negro. Country virtues become city vices:

> [he] comes from a life of picking olives and oranges, and he easily sends his children out to pick up coal from railroad tracks, or wood from buildings which have been burned down. Unfortunately ... it is easy to go from the coal on the railroad track to the coal and wood which stands before a dealer's shop; from the potatoes which have rolled from a rumbling wagon to the vegetables displayed by the grocer.

For Boas and his colleagues, Hurston was not only a useful agent for satisfying his own curiosity about this dislocated people. She was also a willing object of it. "From the earliest rocking of my cradle," she wrote in *Mules and Men*,

> I had known about the capers Brer Rabbit is apt to cut and what the Squinch Owl says from the house top. But it was fitting me

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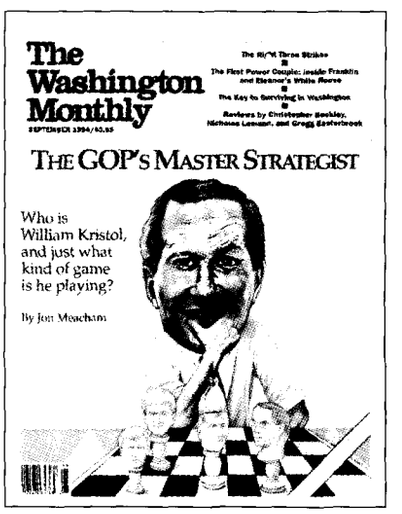
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THE GOP'S MASTER STRATEGIST
Who is William Kristol, and just what kind of game is he playing?
By Jon Meacham

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like a tight chemise. I couldn't see it for wearing it. It was only when I was off in college, away from my native surroundings, that I could see myself like somebody else and stand off and look at my garment. Then I had to have the spy-glass of Anthropology to look through at that.

With Hurston having agreed to serve Boas as a kind of espionage agent spying on herself, it is not surprising that her first debunkers were black. Alain Locke, her teacher from her days at Howard, urged her to stop trying to distract white readers with amusing folktales, and to turn instead to "social document" fiction. To some readers, Hurston's folklore collections seemed sanitized. "*Mules and Men*," wrote Sterling Brown, "should be more bitter; it would be nearer the total truth" if, for every comic story about a long-winded preacher or bumbling cuckold, there was an account of a beating or a lynching—experiences that were, after all, also preserved in black oral culture. Richard Wright was even blunter, decrying Hurston's "minstrel technique that makes the white folks laugh."

By the mid-1940s, Hurston was being publicly attacked by Roy Wilkins as a peddler of nostalgia for the Jim Crow South, where happy darkies putatively sang and danced on the farm. Ever since, this implication that she pandered to white fantasies has remained a steady theme in Hurston criticism. In the 1970s, the historian Nathan Huggins described her as a professional "folk" Negro; and most recently Ann Douglas, in *Terrible Honesty: Mongrel Manhattan in the 1920s*, has judged her an exception to the approbation implicit in her title. Hurston, she writes, "played shamelessly" to rich whites who fancied themselves the champions and guardians of "black vitality."

These critics have a point. Some of Hurston's characters run uncomfortably close to white-manufactured racial stereotypes. The young Joe Starks in *Their Eyes Were Watching God* is a dandy with "silk sleeveholders" who could step without a costume change into *Porgy and Bess* (1935) as a stand-in for Sportin' Life. And the sycophantic women who come into Starks's store, "running a little, caressing a little and all the time making little urging-on cries" as he and his wife dispense delicacies from behind the counter, would make any casting director think of Butterfly McQueen.

And yet Hurston was not finally a trader in types. She did furnish her novels with long passages of tall-tale telling, and there are too many moments of Amos-'n'-Andy buffoonery; but she refused to visit what she called the "museum ... dedicated to the convenient 'typical,' [where] there is the 'typical' Oriental, Jew, Yankee, Westerner, Southerner, Latin, and even out-of-favor Nordics like the German. The Englishman 'I say old chappie,' and the gesticulating Frenchman" live there, and

> the American Negro exhibit is a group of two. Both of these mechanical toys are built so that their feet eternally shuffle, and their eyes pop and roll. Shuffling feet and those popping, rolling eyes denote the Negro, and no characterization is genuine without this monotony. One is seated on a stump picking away on his banjo and singing and laughing. The other is a most amoral character before a share-cropper's shack mumbling about injustice.

The real reason that Hurston's reputation declined between the 1940s and the 1970s was the advent of the civil rights movement, which led most intellectuals to regard Southern black folk culture largely as a symptom of slavery and segregation. As the curatorial impulse of the '30s (when Hurston had traveled with Alan Lomax, collecting samples of black folk music for the Library of Congress) gave way to the imperatives of integration and assimilation, Hurston's characters, who tend to speak in dialect, became faintly embarrassing.

Hurston's affection for the sealed black world in which she had grown up came to seem politically retrograde. But her politics had never been coherent; and it is a mistake, really, to take her opinions too seriously. She tended to shoot off her views in letters to the editor or to blurt things out in interviews. Thus, tired of liberal patronizing, she remarked in 1943 that "the lot of the Negro is much better in the South than in the North," and even went so far as to say to a reporter that "the Jim Crow system works," a statement that Wilkins characterized in *The Amsterdam News* as "arrant, even vicious nonsense." But only a year earlier she had written (in a passage in *Dust Tracks on a Road* that was deleted by her editors, but is now restored in the Library of America edition) that

> President Roosevelt could extend his four freedoms to some people right here in America.... I am not bitter, but I see what I see. He can call names across an ocean, but he evidently has not the courage to speak even softly at home.... I will fight for my country but I will not lie for her.

And two years later she attacked "the Jim Crow laws" for confining black people to the "back seats in trains, [and] back doors of houses" where "the smallest dark child is to be convinced of its inferiority."

By the 1950s, Hurston had settled into a belligerent conservatism. She supported the presidential candidacy of Robert Taft. Construing the motives of black integrationists as a form of race-embarrassment, she opposed the Supreme Court decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. "I saw no curse in being black," she had written in *Dust Tracks on a Road*, "nor no extra flavor by being white. I saw no benefit in excusing my looks by claiming to be half Indian." These are sensible sentences, when they are read as comments on a certain kind of shame that takes root among people who have been trained in self-contempt. But when she offered the same sort of sentiment as a defense of segregated schools—"I can see no tragedy in being too dark to be invited to a white school social affair"—she revealed only her political naïveté, and consigned herself to oblivion for another decade.

It was in the late 1960s and 1970s, when there emerged a new aesthetic of racial pride (which always has a tinge of separatism), that her reputation began to recover. "By the '60s," as Alice Walker wrote in 1976, "everyone understood that black women could wear beautiful cloths on their beautiful heads and care about the authenticity of things cullud *and* African." Zora had been there first. And so Walker commended her to a new generation of readers, especially black women, for her sense of "racial health—a sense of black people as complete, complex [and] *undiminished*" on their own terms.

It was in those years that Hurston the ethnographer and Hurston the segregationist gave way to Hurston the feminist. To students today, one of the most familiar passages in all of American literature is the grandmother's speech to Janie about the hard hierarchy of the world:

> Honey, de white man is de ruler of everything as fur as Ah been able tuh find out. Maybe it's some place way off in de ocean where de black man is in power, but we don't know nothin' but what we see. So de white man throw down de load and tell de nigger man tuh pick it up. He pick it up because he have to, but he don't tote it. He hand it to his womenfolks. De nigger woman is de mule uh de world so fur as Ah can see.

When one reads the stories that substantiate this passage, it becomes obvious that the feminist reclamation of Hurston was well-founded and overdue. Critics such as Wright had missed the essence of

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her vision, which was "documentary" and realistic from the point of view of black women, who tended to be subsidiary characters or glanced-at props in Wright's own fiction. Hurston was most compelling when she wrote about the plight of a black woman as the object of sexual exploitation by a white man, or as the focal point on which a black man concentrates his diffuse anger. "Ah can't die easy," Janie's grandmother says to the unpolluted child, "thinkin' maybe de menfolks white or black is makin' a spit cup outa you." What seemed to some readers her preoccupation with sex was really a candid acknowledgment that, especially for black women, the craving for bodily pleasure was both an intimation of transcendence and a form of imprisonment.

Still, as long as Hurston remains susceptible to what are essentially political judgments (the feminist approval was oddly symmetrical with the disapproval thirty years earlier by Locke and Wright), her literary fortunes will continue to fluctuate with the temper of the times. There are already signs that the old criticism of Hurston as a sentimentalist is coming back. Writing in the academic idiom of the 1990s, the radical critic Hazel Carby has recently charged that Hurston is a writer who "privileges the nostalgic and freezes it in time." At a time when millions of black Americans are coping with despair in the inner city, Carby asks whether "*Their Eyes Were Watching God* [has] become the most frequently taught black novel because it acts as a mode of assurance that, really, the black folk are happy and healthy?"

This is an apposite question. The trouble with it, as with all criticism that restricts itself to questions about reception or ideology, is that it misses the basic reason that the writer is worth reading in the first place. Hurston belongs in the Library of America not because of her politics, she belongs there because of her language. She was at pains to distinguish herself from "the great horde of individuals known as 'Race Champions,' " to whom "no Negro exists as an individual—he exists only as another tragic unit of the Race." Some writers, Hurston charged, think there is bravery

> in following the groove of the Race champions, when the truth is, it is the line of least resistance and least originality—certain to be approved of by the "champions" who want to hear the same thing over and over again even though they already know it by heart, and certain to be unread by everybody else. It is the same thing as waving the flag in a poorly constructed play.

Hurston's saving distinction was her exquisitely sensitive ear. She was sometimes out of tune, as when she tried to devise metaphors that were self-consciously literary ("there is a basin in the mind where words float around"). But when she deployed colloquial black speech, and celebrated its ability to move beyond the merely denotative, she was a spectacular writer, and the farthest thing from a flag-waver. When, for instance, she describes a speeding train in *Jonah's Gourd Vine*, she uses a word that perfectly conveys the sound of the wheels clicking over the track-joints: it "schickalacked" over the rails. A girl walks "hippily" past a porch full of gaping men. A woman is only "mouf glad" rather than "sho nuff glad" when she tries to deflect with a forced smile her man's gathering anger. The phrase, "sense you intuh it," functions as a verb that works much better than "tell" or "explain" to express how words transmit images and feeling from speaker to hearer.

Hurston was a brilliant transcriber of dialect, but this was only a part of her achievement. When writing in her own voice, she renders the world in phrases that are palpable and wonderfully immediate; her mind moves rapidly from the general proposition ("there was nothing then to hinder impulses") to the particular illustration ("they didn't have zippers on pants in those days, guaranteed to stay locked no matter what the strain"). Here, by assembling a sequence of complementary images, she expresses the cost to her father of her mother's judgment that he had been born coarse and vulgar, and had needed to be refined:

> I know now that it is a griping thing to a man—not to be able to whip his woman mentally. Some women know how to give their man that conquesting feeling. My mother took her over-the-creek man and bare-knuckled him from brogans to broadcloth, and I am certain that he was proud of the change, in public. But in the house, he might have always felt over-the-creek, and because this was not the statue he had made for himself to look at, he resented it.

This is a writer who understood that spontaneous image-making is the mark of a living language, that a shared language is the only conduit we have into the interior life of other people. In an essay in 1950 called "What White Publishers Won't Print," Hurston explains what drove her as an artist: the conviction that the writer must reveal the most intimate experiences of people who have been looked upon as types. Through such revelations, the reader who has not been completely lost to the dishonesty of prejudice will recognize a common human bond:

> Argue all you will or may about injustice, but as long as the majority cannot conceive of a Negro or a Jew feeling and reacting inside just as they do, the majority will keep right on believing that people who do not look like them cannot possibly feel as they do, and conform to the established pattern. It is well known that there must be a body of waived matter, let us say, things accepted and taken for granted by all in a community before there can be that commonality of feeling. The usual phrase is having things in common. Until this is thoroughly established in respect to Negroes in America, as well as other minorities, it will remain impossible for the majority to conceive of a Negro experiencing a deep and abiding love and not just the passion of sex. That a great mass of Negroes can be stirred by the pageants of Spring and Fall; the extravaganza of summer, and the majesty of winter. That they can and do experience discovery of the numerous subtle faces as a foundation for a great and selfless love....

Hurston's real subject, and this is the reason her work will abide, was the universal disjunction between the limitless human imagination and the constrictions within which all human beings live their lives. She happened to know best how to exemplify this theme by writing about the lives of black women in the American South—a fact that, in itself, is cause for neither praise nor blame. She was caught in the paradox in which all the major black American writers have been caught: she wished to honor her people by recording their uniquely tragic experience, while at the same time refusing to cordon off that experience from the universal human condition of hope and dread.

Hurston rejected all the convenient categories—race, class, gender—by which some of her latest critics would organize experience. Finally she was not a Negro writer, or (as she might be classified today) a "subaltern" writer, or a woman writer. "Negroes are supposed to write about the Race Problem," she says in *Dust Tracks on a Road*. "I was and am thoroughly sick of the subject. My interest lies in what makes a man or a woman do such-and-so, regardless of his color."

ANDREW DELBANCO's new book, *The Death of Satan: How Americans Have Lost the Sense of Evil*, will be published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux in the fall.

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Brushes With Democracy

By Lynn Hunt

Emulation: Making Artists for Revolutionary France by Thomas Crow

(Yale University Press, 364 pp., $40)

Can painting be imagined as democratic? It is never stated this baldly, but the question has been at the heart of the work of Thomas Crow. In his pioneering study of late eighteenth-century Parisian art, *Painters and Public Life in Eighteenth-Century Paris*, and now in this book, which serves as a pendant to the earlier one, Crow examines the links between the ideology of republicanism and the practice of painting in the school of Jacques-Louis David. This might seem like a rather narrow vantage point, but in fact it opens out onto many grand, and some grandiose, vistas. For David incarnated the artist as political activist, a distinctly modern and always contentious role. He tried to shape an art suitable for a new political world; at times he even tried to create a new political world through art. His example electrified a generation of talented young men and has provided the stuff of controversy ever since.

Republicanism in the eighteenth century had virtually none of the modern connotations of party politics. Republicans identified with the imagined virtues of classical Greece and Rome and denounced the corrupt despotism of absolutist, monarchical society. The establishment of new republics in the United States and France gave republicans everywhere a political home; neo-classicism provided an aesthetic corollary that emphasized the austere, ascetic and virile qualities of a Roman-style art. It was counterposed to the decadent, hypersensualized, aristocratic world represented artistically by the Rococo, with its rosy, well-endowed female figures languishing on the billowing clouds of mythological allegory. Against this pretty, rounded and presumably complacent art, David and his followers threw up a more awkward and angular painting of "grand passions," set in the heroic Roman past and presented in outsized dimensions that aimed to inscribe elevated morals through the confrontation of classically, that is, sharply, tautly defined body lines.

Male bodies dominated neo-classical paintings just as masculine virtues dominated republicanism. Crow calls this painting in "a single-sex frame of reference," in which maleness stood for every desirable quality from battlefield heroism to private eroticized beauty. This is not to say that women do not appear in the pictures. Much has been made in recent years of the gendering of neo-classical art and its parallels with republican politics. David's portrayal of women in his paintings of the 1780s prefigured their role in republican politics during the American and especially the French republics. The female figures stood for the domestic life, and their gestures and bearing revealed the moral and political chasm between them and the male figures; the women collapse with horror and sorrow at the death of their loved ones while the men stand firm, erect, stoic, poised for battle, if only with their own emotions. The male virtues are active and oriented toward public life; the female ones are passive and turned toward the family interior.

In his first book, Crow showed that contemporaries viewed David's art as a revelation and a rupture. In this book, he concentrates on David's disciples. "Emulation" refers to the process by which David's students became his peers, and in Crow's analysis it is a highly charged word. Wrapped in an emotional and artistic mutual dependency, master and pupils egged each other on in the pursuit of a newly masculinized art; they were locked in a highly competitive, undeniably homoerotic, and eventually exhausting struggle to establish a new kind of art and their own individual identities within it.

The best example of this process is Jean-Germain Drouais, because he was David's indisputable favorite. Good-looking, rich, socially magnetic, Drouais came to David's studio at the age of 19 and almost immediately established his ascendancy, to the point that David went with him to Rome when the pupil won the coveted Grand Prix de Rome competition in 1784. As David later confessed, he was "carried away" by the affection he felt for Drouais, even with his own marriage pending. Not so carried away, however, that he lost his critical eye. While in Rome, David painted his *Oath of the Horatii*, showing three sons taking an oath in front of their father to defend Rome. David assigned Drouais the responsibility for completing one of the wilting female figures in the painting. When he found the work unsatisfactory, he ridiculed Drouais's efforts and painted it over himself. Not to be outdone, Drouais rapidly executed two ambitious and very successful paintings of his own. On seeing one of them in Paris, a painting of the Roman General Caius Marius, Thomas Jefferson exclaimed that "it fixed me like a statue for a quarter of an hour, or half an hour.... I lost all ideas of time, even the consciousness of my existence."

David set up similar dialogues with his other students, alternately pushing them forward and downgrading their efforts. He needed them as much they needed him. David incorporated his disciples into his own process of composition—often employing them to paint part of a canvas—and embodied his emotional and artistic relationships with them in the actions depicted in his paintings. Thus David's paintings were not exactly his alone. The father and sons in the *Horatii* represented an on-going psychological drama for David, who like many of his followers had lost his own father at a young age. And the father/son, teacher/pupil drama was made even more poignant, in this case, by the unexpected death of Drouais from smallpox in 1788.

Nobody else ever occupied quite the same place in David's affections, but there were many aspirants. In line with his republican politics, David encouraged his students to think of themselves as his peers, by participating in the making of his paintings and by producing copies of them for important patrons. Yet this supposed democratic method went hand in hand with an emotional and artistic dependence on the master, a dependence that was both cherished and resented. Some of the best-known disciples complained to each other in their letters of David's attempts to pit them against each other. The ultimate focus of competition was David himself. When he was working on *The Sleep of Endymion*, his breakthrough painting in 1791, Anne-Louis Girodet wrote, "I am trying to get away from his [David's] genre as much as I possibly can," and when he had finished it he exulted,

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"What makes me most happy is that opinion is united that I in no way resemble M. David."

In a reversal characteristic of the argument of the book, Crow claims that David's own painting ended up resembling his pupil Girodet's, but first he has to deal with the shock of *Endymion*, a work that inevitably raises the question of homoeroticism. The painting depicts two male figures, an androgynous central one, with long hair flowing in girlish ringlets, nude except for Roman sandals, asleep in an unmistakably feminine pose, and a small, young male eros, pulling back the branches of the trees to allow the moonlight to illuminate the sleeping male beauty. This remarkable painting—made all the more stunning by its apparently deliberate contrast to an endless series of hyper-masculinized, martial, classical figures produced by the Davidian school—can only puzzle a modern viewer. Who is the presumed observer of this scene? What is the implicit invitation being proffered? What can this mean about revolutionary psychology, if anything? Is this composition a further development and hence an implied commentary on the more martial and virile figures of the neo-classicism of the 1780s? Is virility itself to be imagined as homoerotic?

Crow does his best to undermine any automatic sexual reading of the picture, even though he admits, somewhat obliquely, that Girodet was probably a practicing homosexual. He allows a certain "instability" of sexual identity in the work and "its pervasive effect of androgyny," but he resists any identification with sexual choice or desire, which is, he claims, "to impose present-day limits of reading on the body." Crow wants to emphasize instead the other instabilities of identity: youth vs. age; inexperience vs. maturity; the timeless vs. the instantaneously immediate. Yet these seem rather pale in the face of the painting's startling effect, tepidly rendered by Crow as an exercise in the logic of professional rivalry and a common code of heroicism.

Crow's decision to downplay the homoerotic element ends up, perhaps by design, making it seem all the more central and even ominous. In his eagerness to demonstrate the importance of the students' work to the master, Crow aligns David's propaganda paintings of the crucial revolutionary years, 1793-94, with the model suggested by Girodet. Idealized, youthful male beauty, Crow claims, was just what the Terror would need as an artistic statement: "The more coercive and conformist the political moment, the more abstractly beatific the image had to be." And, by implication, the more homoerotic. This is not self-evident, however; fascist and Stalinist imagery would hardly be termed "beatific" in the same way, certainly not in the *Endymion* way.

To establish his proposed linkage between Girodet's example and David's follow-up, Crow argues that David's famous glorification of the dead Marat in his bathtub was even more androgynous than the earlier *Endymion*, and further that his unfinished canvas of a young, dying, boy hero painted in 1794 showed that the master had finally fully absorbed the lessons of the pupil in the portrayal of eroticized male beauty. While the figure of the young boy Bara was distinctly androgynous—in his typically indirect, coded fashion, Crow here describes David as taking over "the Winckelmannian ideal of the ephebe as the apogee of human possibility"—the comparison between *Endymion* and *Marat* defies credulity. David's Marat seems Christ-like, but it is hardly "Winckelmannian." Crow knows that he is on tenuous ground here, and he protests that David's engagement with androgyny in this painting was so deeply and privately buried that few viewers, then or now, have seen it!

The logic of Crow's account seems to be that republicanism rested on male bonding that could take palpable, beautiful and sometimes disturbing form when aestheticized. At its moment of greatest pressure, democracy, according to Crow, elicited strangely ethereal images of beautiful young men and boys. But Crow never spells out the implications of his argument. If the artistic relationship between David and his pupils was homoerotic and the composition of some of their most famous paintings showed the same qualities, then are we to conclude that the republican politics associated with this aesthetic were likewise structured by homoerotic impulses? Since Crow dances around this issue, calling attention to it yet refusing to pursue it explicitly to any definitive conclusions, we do not know what he thinks about the meaning of these relationships.

But the story doesn't end there. When his patron Robespierre fell from power, David abruptly found himself in prison, and his students had to face a new political world more or less on their own. Neo-classicism entered its death throes, long before the actual demise of its enthusiasts. The same painters who had flourished their republican credentials—Girodet gladly drew the gruesome murders of prominent aristocratic officials in 1789—now quickly readjusted their sights to a succession of new regimes, first moderately republican, then frankly imperial under Napoleon, and finally monarchical again after 1814. David painted Napoleon's coronation, while his students cast about, almost frantically, for new models and new patrons. The male bonding of republicanism transmuted, seemingly effortlessly, into imperial hero worship, melodramatic revival of biblical themes, or in François Gérard's case, the celebration of the restored monarchy. The distance from David's *Horatii* of 1785 to Gérard's *Entry of Henry IV into Paris* of 1817 seems enormous, and the progression casts serious doubt on the staying power of the sentiments so vociferously voiced by the artists of the 1790s. Were they really as politically committed to democracy as they claimed to be?

Although David and his students gained much honor, fame and even wealth in their lifetimes, their tale is ultimately a disappointing one—a tale, Crow maintains, of loss and regret, of an irresistible decline from tragic grandeur to melodrama. Skeptics might depict it in harsher terms, as a lesson about the power of the changing art market and the feebleness of artistic convictions in the face of dramatically changing political and patronage circumstances. If Crow's story had ended in 1794, its plot line would have been very different, for the late 1780s and early 1790s were a time of simultaneous artistic and political triumph, when David and his disciples soared to the heights of aesthetic renown and established their political domination of the arts. This triumph suffered immediately, however, from its association with the Terror, the bloody dénouement of revolutionary radicalism. David himself played a central role in the Terror. He was more or less the official minister of revolutionary propaganda and a close associate of Robespierre. How could neo-classicism disengage itself from this dark legacy of violence and brutality? Perhaps only by slinking away quietly in the night, in a kind of embarrassed silence.

Neither David nor his pupils disappeared, but neo-classicism largely did. As early as 1801, Jean-Antoine Gros, one of David's younger disciples, began to paint Napoleonic battle scenes that signalled an apparent revival of at least some Rococo practices. At the same moment Gérard produced an otherworldly romantic Valhalla for the imaginary folk poet Ossian; Crow derides it as "a cloudy fantasy unconstrained by classical logic or structure." After trying his

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The Root of the Conflict. The conflict between Israel and the Arabs is not about borders and not about the Palestinians. It is about Israel's very existence. The PLO still adheres to its infamous "phased plan"; it calls for first creating a Palestinian state on any territory vacated by Israel and then using that state to foment a final allied Arab assault against the truncated Jewish state.

The Importance of Territory. Many believe that in this age of missiles, territory is of little importance. But this is not the case. The Arab states have acquired over $50 billion of the most advanced armaments since the end of the Gulf War. And those are not just "conventional" weapons—enormous quantities of tanks, aircraft and much more. The Arab states possess large arsenals of chemical and biological weapons, and all of them work feverishly on the development of their nuclear potential. All of those weapons have only one single target and one single purpose: the destruction of the state of Israel. And that goal is not being cancelled for any agreements between Israel and the Palestinians.

For both "conventional" war and for war of mass destruction, territory and topography are critical for self-defense and deterrence. The mountainous territory of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") is an indispensable line of defense. It totally controls access to Israel's heartland from the east. Israel needs this high ground for defense and to be able to peer deeply into enemy territory. The high ground allows Israel to detect missiles while they are still in the launch stage and to destroy them.

Would the "West Bank" be demilitarized? Even those who want Israel to retreat to her pre-1967 borders are agreed that the evacuated areas must be demilitarized. But that would be useless. Because the Palestinians will have thousands of trained soldiers, camouflaged as their police force. In case of war against Israel, these troops could be helicoptered in minutes to their positions, with armored forces reaching them within the same night. In any case, it is highly doubtful that the surrounding hostile Arab nations would allow such a military vacuum to exist. And finally, there is the matter of terrorism. There are over fifteen Palestinian Arab terror organizations that neither Yassir Arafat nor any other Palestinian authority can control. There would be a constant rain of Katyusha rockets launched into the Tel Aviv area and into the entire coastal plain, which contains 80% of Israel's population and of its industrial and military potential. Ben Gurion airport, every incoming and outgoing flight, would be subject to mortar fire or shoulder-held Stinger attack. Does anybody doubt that the Arabs would not exploit that irresistible opportunity?

> "Without Judea/Samaria (the 'West Bank') Israel would be totally indefensible; therefore, neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States are served by Israel's relinquishing control over the 'West Bank'."

Without the "West Bank" Israel would be totally indefensible. That is the professional opinion of over 100 U.S. generals and admirals. Israel's strong defensive posture makes it most inadvisable for Israel's enemies to attack her. But once this defensive strength is removed, a coordinated war against Israel can only be a matter of time. The example and fate of Czechoslovakia, which preparatory to the Second World War was dismantled and shorn of its defensive capacity, insistently come to mind. What does all this mean to the United States? In a part of the world in which our country has the most far-reaching geopolitical stakes, Israel is the guarantor of American interests in the area. With Israel in a position of weakness the role of the United States in the area would collapse and radical states such as Syria, Iraq and Iran would dominate. That is why, despite the heady prospect of "peace in our time", neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States are served by Israel's relinquishing control over the "West Bank".

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hand at the same kind of motif, Girodet spent four years painting a gigantic canvas of a family caught in a terrifying flood. In *Scene from a Deluge*, a young father strains unsuccessfully to keep his wife and children in his grasp while carrying his aged father on his back. Here the filial piety of the *Horatii* seems entirely reversed; the father is a dead weight destroying his son's family. Heroism no longer has a civic context. It aims simply at survival against the elements. Not surprisingly, David attacked the painting as the antithesis to neo-classical ideals: "Farewell to the dignity of art, farewell to this *beau idéal*.... How this genre falls into absurdity when turned into melodrama." The new conservative critics nonetheless preferred Girodet's new style to David's old one.

David had good reasons for failing to appreciate the new aesthetic moves of his former students. Exiled to Brussels in 1816 as a regicide and an unrepentant supporter of Napoleon during the ill-fated Hundred Days, David could only watch as his followers rejected his example of continuing fidelity to classical themes. Girodet indecisively painted and repainted his *Pygmalion and Galatea*, while his rival Gérard got himself named first painter to the new king Louis XVIII. Rather than see in these changes the ineluctable rise of the new school of painting that became known as Romanticism, Crow insists on depicting neo-classicism as the only game in town; it agonized and finally succumbed to exhaustion, "bringing on its own death through a narcissistic fixation on an imagined moment of past perfection." So insistent is Crow on the lack of any "persuasive" alternative that in his final chapter he reads the work of Théodore Géricault, usually considered a progenitor of Romanticism, as a continuation of Davidian classicism.

In this strange and improbable coda, the word "democracy" appears all at once, and Géricault is rendered as the Davidian who finally gets it right by revealing the true democratic meaning of the neo-classical aesthetic. At first glance Géricault hardly seems susceptible to a democratic reading (much less a neo-classical one); in the 1810s he specialized in the depiction of charging Napoleonic guardsmen mounted on their magnificent horses. Crow nonetheless finds democracy in Géricault's monumental *Raft of the Medusa*, painted in 1819. In their collective agony on the drifting raft, Crow deduces, the shipwreck survivors had to rely on themselves; they could expect help from no commander, no outside authority. "The

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chain of mingled bodies" therefore captured a "solidarity in common life," a representation of the democratic spirit, in which Crow sees a successful transference of heroic values from the Roman historical settings of David and his disciples to the ordinary people of contemporary Europe. Even in Géricault's few last paintings, a series of portraits of the insane, Crow finds another metaphor for "a liberated society," one that incorporated the real weaknesses and defects of ordinary people.

This interpretation is ingenious, but it is not very convincing, if only because it is so resolutely teleological. Géricault has to realize all the hidden promise of neo-classicism, so all of his breaks with that already exhausted tradition are effaced: his figures are not Roman but present-day; they are victims not heroes; they are torn by conflicting emotions not tightly controlled. In short, they are romantic rather than neo-classical. Crow's failure to persuade on these points raises the inevitable questions about the political reading of art. Democracy and painting never make a comfortable couple. How can one of the most elitist of Western cultural forms, one almost synonymous with the patronage of the rich and well-born, be associated with the eruption of the masses onto the historical stage?

Crow's work, for all the question marks that it leaves, has the great merit of pursuing these questions in a serious and sustained fashion. He does not write about a few canvases or a single painter in aesthetic isolation. He sets his sights very high, and if he fails to hit his target consistently, he nevertheless manages to force the reader to rethink a number of longstanding assumptions: that art is separate and autonomous, that artists work alone in the privacy of their thoughts, that style has nothing to do with politics or social life. Crow combines excellent formal and stylistic analysis of particular paintings with close attention to the psychological complexities and political and social contexts of the artists' lives. He delves deeply into David's and his students' thematic choices, compositional strategies and personal relations in order to make his overarching political and aesthetic arguments. Thus, he brings the reader and the viewer into the picture in new and often surprising ways. His arguments intrigue, and even where they prove irritating, inconclusive or forced, they in turn prompt us to go look again. And look again we should, for the painting of the late eighteenth century reveals the ambiguities, highest hopes and all too human misconceptions about democracy.

LYNN HUNT is the author of *The Family Romance of the French Revolution* (University of California Press) and editor of *The Invention of Pornography: Obscenity and the Origins of Modernity* (Zone Books).

Coming Clean

BY RICHARD L. BUSHMAN

Chasing Dirt: The American Pursuit of Cleanliness by Suellen Hoy

(Oxford University Press, 258 pp., $25)

There must be something funny about taking a bath, for books on personal cleanliness cannot resist a little wry humor. The subtitle of Lawrence Wright's quite scholarly volume, *Clean and Decent* (1960), was *The Fascinating History of the Bathroom and Water Closet.* Wright called the first chapter "Man Becomes House-Trained." People giggle with nervous astonishment when they hear about Elizabeth Drinker, the eighteenth-century Quaker lady who kept a marvelous record of everyday life in her Philadelphia townhouse. In 1798 her husband, a well-to-do merchant, installed a shower bath in the backyard. After her first try, the 65-year-old Elizabeth wrote that "I bore it better than I expected, not having been wett all over att once, for twenty-eight years past." But cleanliness is a serious business. Even today, when the spotless house has fallen into disrepute along with all other obsessive behaviors, a malodorous body turns people off. Filthy people are, well, filthy. They are imagined as inconsiderate, stupid, sloppy, crude, poorly raised. Based on smell and appearance alone, we project an entire degraded personal culture on to dirty people, a reaction akin to racism at its worst.

Two approaches to the subject of cleanliness are by now well-defined, the dark and the light or, perhaps more appropriately put, the messy and the neat. It is immediately clear which school claims Suellen Hoy, who opens her sprightly and informative account of American cleanliness with a crack: "Cleanliness has been on my mind in a serious way for nearly a decade. Not that I was dirty before then." She goes on to tell of a girlhood incident at the swimming pool soon after she began to shave her legs. She and her friends gazed in wonderment on a "foreign" woman in a beautiful bathing suit who came to the pool with unshaven legs and underarms. That was Hoy's first realization of America's remarkable addiction to cleanliness whose history she undertakes to relate in her book.

Hoy's account disregards the influential work of the European sociologist Norbert Elias, the theorist of the dark school. Elias found the aversion to dirt and smell puzzling, considering how completely natural they are. He explained the strength of these dislikes by embedding them in a broader movement that he called the "civilizing process." Elias suggested that the groundwork for the modern pursuit of cleanliness was laid in Europe in the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries, when aggrandizing monarchs formed court societies with highly demanding standards of personal conduct. Anyone who wanted favors from Louis XIV, the master of the grand monarchical style, had better show up at Versailles and conform to the intense discipline of restrained manners and extravagant display required by the king.

In that cauldron of power struggles and high art, and in all the similar but lesser courts of Europe, people had to manage their bodies to make them pleasing. Manuals by such esteemed intellectuals as Erasmus and Locke instructed young people how to behave: not to spit in the fire or blow their noses without a handkerchief or to pick up meat with their fingers. Matters that nowadays cannot even be discussed outside of medical manuals, such as defecation and passing wind, were explicitly brought under the rules of proper behavior. Gradually the "threshold of embarrassment," in Elias's term, was raised. Not only were forbidden behaviors erased from polite society; they were eliminated from conversation.

The "civilizing process" established the psychology of bodily restraint as a cultural ideal, first for courtiers and then for an ever-widening circle of

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subjects. Under the prodding of courtly manners, the self was separated—indeed, alienated—from the body. Much that was once natural, including the vent of offensive emotions as well as scratching and spitting, was contained and repressed. Cleanliness can be interpreted as a latter-day extension of this control and alienation of the body, one more burden laid upon the civilized person. Reading Elias, one senses Freud looming on the horizon, with his civilized discontents and the neurotic suffering of modern times. Once the civilizing process had done its work, the self was divided, and the soul had to expend great effort to keep the body in line.

This rather grim take on bathing does help explain the revulsion that a dirty person arouses. Filthy people become an "other," onto whom the washed project the fear of lost control over their own bodies. In this interplay of complex feelings, the hatred of dirt simultaneously discloses a fascination with it. Hoy was thrilled by the hairy underarms and legs of the foreign beauty even as they disgusted her. The campaigners for cleanliness who dealt with the filth of soldiers in the camps or dirty children in the tenements were brought close to dirt in the very act of combating it. The title of Hoy's book contains some of the ambivalence. Is dirt chased to catch it or to chase it away?

This dark underside of cleanliness did not dim its glories in the eyes of advocates. Not only was cleanliness next to godliness, according to John Wesley's adage, but a society's level of civilization, it was said, could be measured by its soap production. Cleanliness became an essential ingredient of middle-class identity. For the upwardly mobile it was a key to respectability. Horatio Alger's Ragged Dick, a street urchin with "no particular dislike to dirt," passed magically into the middle-class when a new acquaintance persuaded him to wash and change his clothes. No wonder that by our time the wish to be clean seems like second nature.

Hoy's account of the American pursuit of cleanliness skirts the tangled psychology and sociology of dirty and clean. She chooses to concentrate on the institutions and the personalities who led the campaign. A number of figures, including Benjamin Franklin, Catharine Beecher and Sylvester Graham, wrote about the merits of cleanliness from the middle of the eighteenth century on. In the half century before the Civil War, urban, upper-middle-class women bathed their children and kept a clean house. But the great cleanliness launch came with the organization of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War. Taking their lead from Florence Nightingale's campaign on behalf of British soldiers during the Crimean War, Frederick Law Olmsted and other male leaders with the backing of a small army of women brought cleanliness to the soldiers. Olmsted toured the camps and hospitals to identify the problems, and women nurses poured in to solve them. Both the women and the soldiers learned lessons about cleanliness that they carried home after the war.

Thereafter the pursuit of cleanliness was largely a question of education and persuasion. Hoy sees the commitment to cleanliness as an obvious benefit, like learning to read. The advantages to health and comfort were beyond question. In her account, natural urges did not have to be suppressed, as Elias would insist, to repress unwanted physical delights. People simply had to be informed. The Sanitary Commission was the first of a number of institutions enlisted in the campaign: schools, settlement houses, local governments, public and private commissions, even businesses.

For most of the nineteenth century, medical people believed that smelly air carried disease. Sanitarians promoted cleanliness in the streets to stop the spread of the miasma that was believed to cause infection. Cities installed sewers, and private individuals plumbed their houses to carry off wastes, though uncertain if connecting their homes to the conduits of sewer gas was a benefit or not. In New York in the 1890s, the street-cleaning commissioner George Waring paraded 3,000 street-cleaners in white duck uniforms to the cheers of onlookers and the accompaniment of martial music. After germ theory took hold around the turn of the century, bathing became centrally important. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company called its agents "health messengers" because they were instructed to teach cleanliness while selling policies.

Hoy is slightly less sympathetic to the pursuit of cleanliness in the twentieth century. She adopts an interpretive scheme widely accepted among historians that sees a transition from character to personality on the eve of World War I. It was then that the emphasis of cleanliness education shifted from the protection of good health to the enhancement of personal attractiveness. Industrialists, who by this time were promoting cleanliness products for their own gain, made wild promises of romance and success to people with sweet breath and no body odor. That huckster language sounds deceptive and silly today.

At the same time, cleanliness entered into the programs for Americanization. The famous cleanliness of Ellis Island was an extension of the instruction of freed slaves after the Civil War. At the Hampton Institute in 1875, students were told that "the thing above all others which Society insists upon is 'cleanliness.'" The identification of

The Almanac of Last Things

From the almanac of last things
I choose the spider lily
for the grace of its brief
blossom, though I myself
fear brevity,

but I choose *The Song of Songs*
because the flesh
of those pomegranates
has survived
all the frost of dogma.

I choose January with its chill
lessons of patience and despair—and
August, too sun-struck for lessons.
I choose a thimbleful of red wine
to make my heart race,

then another to help me
sleep. From the almanac
of last things I choose you,
as I have done before.
And I choose evening

because the light clinging
to the window
is at its most reflective
just as it is ready
to go out.

LINDA PASTAN

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cleanliness with civilization and Americanization carried over to the immigrants. The Ellis Island showers could accommodate 8,000 immigrants a day. From a late-twentieth-century perspective, some of the efforts to push soap and water at recent arrivals look a little coercive. Reformers installed model flats in the tenements that featured easy-to-clean simple furniture in contrast to the upholstered pieces many immigrants preferred. In their enthusiasm for American cleanliness, well-meaning reformers sometimes ran roughshod over immigrant culture.

The triumph of cleanliness came after World War II when houses with plumbed bathtubs became available to all working-class Americans, save for the very poorest. Levittown houses all had bathrooms, making bathing a feature of mass culture. By the 1960s, however, momentum was slowing. Environmentalists turned attention away from the old forms of dirt to abuses of the environment. The flower children, apostles of dishevelment personally, helped change the focus from personal to toxic wastes. On top of that, by the 1980s the growing cadres of professional women no longer had the time or inclination to keep their houses spotless, and for all the talk of partnership, men avoided the mop and broom. Cleanliness is no longer a moral crusade.

Despite Hoy's reservations about aspects of twentieth-century cleanliness, her book is a narrative of progress. The merits of cleanliness are never brought into question. The people and the institutions who promoted clean bodies and streets are seen as advancing the public good. Moreover, the pursuit of cleanliness had beneficial side effects. To a large extent, women led the effort: cleaning up a city or teaching freed African American children to wash were a natural extension of women's domestic sphere and formed one of those middle grounds between public and private where women flourished in the half century after the Civil War. In Chicago in the 1890s, Ada Celeste Sweet inspired the formation of street-cleaning aid societies all over the city. Pressure from women led the city to create a Department of Street Cleaning. In 1904, Caroline Bartlett Crane adapted New York's street-cleaning methods to Kalamazoo, Michigan. She went on to investigate slaughterhouses and to institute other reforms. Her success brought her so much attention that she was hired as a consultant to local governments across the nation who wanted help in cleaning up their municipalities. The opportunities for women were not a negligible benefit to come out of the cleanliness campaign.

Hoy in short, does not detect ominous forces lurking behind the scenes. And she has a genuinely upbeat story to tell. The pursuit of cleanliness brought us hot water and the stall shower, benefits of civilization few Americans would care to relinquish. America's high standards of cleanliness surely contribute to the control of disease, by common consent a worthy aim. And yet the dark-vision people always have things to reveal that brighter spirits overlook. In *Fables of Abundance*, his recent history of advertising, Jackson Lears, a kindred spirit to Norbert Elias, makes an argument that would probably cause Hoy to recoil. Lears says that the pursuit of cleanliness was part of a misbegotten "perfectionist project," that played upon a "revulsion against biology." The crusade to "eliminate all signs of organic life from a pristine home environment," Lears suggests, grew out of a broader movement in society, best exemplified in Frederick W. Taylor's scientific management, the aim being to gain complete control. The perfectionist project, as Lears tells the story, envisioned a society where intimate needs and desires were subordinated to the purposes of private and public governing bodies. Such an analysis turns the advocates of daily baths into instruments of the capitalist state.

Such a dire view may well seem too extreme. Yet, for all the admirable results narrated by Hoy, cleanliness cannot rid itself of the ambiguities noted by Elias and Freud. Our own words give credence to the argument that cleanliness is the product of repression. The humor associated with nearly every side of keeping clean suggests masked conflicts, and ambiguity shows up time after time in ordinary language. "To take a bath" can mean to suffer a severe financial beating. "Coming clean" requires us to admit our errors. "To be all washed up" is to be out of the swim. These idioms point to an unfunny anxiety about losing power and vitality if we keep too clean. They make you wonder whether we are really all that happy with the civilizing process that consigns us to the shower each morning.

RICHARD L. BUSHMAN, Gouverneur Morris Professor of History at Columbia University, is the author of *The Refinement of America: Persons, Houses, Cities* (Knopf).

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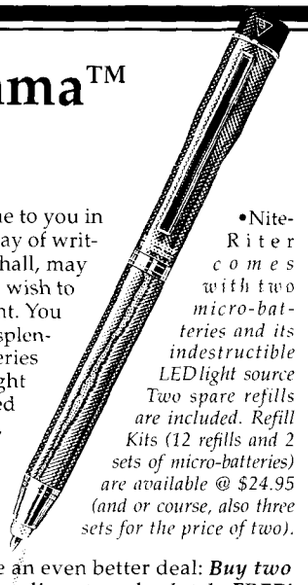

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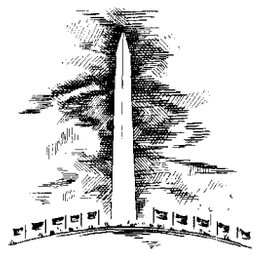
WASHINGTON DIARIST

Sharing time

IT LOOKED LIKE AN ELEGANT BOX of chocolates, sealed with a gold sticker. (As I slipped off the seaweed-green band that belted the parcel, I also thought, more nutritiously, of sushi.) Actually, the packet was an invitation, issued by Mikhail S. Gorbachev, to an event called the State of the World Forum, to be held in San Francisco, September 27-October 1. It was too exorbitant a treat for anyone at TNR to do more than admire. (None of us was among the luminaries invited to speak at the conference; and the price of admission for ordinary participants is $5,000, a tax-deductible contribution to the Gorbachev Foundation/USA—lodging not included.) But there was a lot to admire, beginning with Gorbachev's letter of invitation: "We need a critical reassessment of all our assumptions and a new combination of players to envision the next phase of human development." For empty calories, the richest truffle can't match that.

WHEN SUCH GRAND AIMS ARE AT stake, even an invitation needs an "executive summary," which was tucked behind the letter. The Forum, it seems, will not simply "articulate the fundamental priorities, values and actions necessary to constructively shape our future." It promises more: "Inherent within the Forum is the potential for the establishment of a global brain trust which will continue to refine these priorities, values and actions as we approach the year 2000." The rhetoric and aspirations of Gorbachev's endeavor are unparalleled—except perhaps by the Parallel Campaign, Count Leinsdorf's pet project in Robert Musil's *The Man Without Qualities*, a masterpiece that deserves credit for, among other things, anticipating the Century of Conferences. The Count, too, was disoriented by the dawning of a post-imperial world. Focusing his Campaign on the seventieth anniversary of the Emperor Franz Joseph's coronation, he "was certain he was in the grip of a great idea," but uncertain as to what idea. Though Gorbachev's all-embracing vacuity has a fashionably P.C. ring ("We must appreciate more deeply human unity and embrace more fully human diversity"), Musil appreciated the timeless reason that Historic Gatherings inspire this hortatory style: "The P.I.C." was his abbreviation—the Principle of Insufficient Cause.

IT'S HARD TO SAY WHICH OF THE Forum's two causes is more insufficient, its concern for "the common future of the species" or its concern for the specific future of one uncommon member of the species. Gorbachev himself seems to be more sensitive about the latter. He was already self-conscious about his image (or at least his handlers were) three years ago, when he came to America, hat in hand, to fund his sinecure, the Gorbachev Foundation/USA. "Mr. Gorbachev had received hundreds of invitations to deliver X speech in Y place for $100,000," his American escort explained then, "but I told him that would not be dignified." How much more stately now to be sending out hundreds of deluxe invitation packets himself. And to such speakers as Margaret Thatcher, Mother Teresa, Alvin Toffler, Ted Turner . . . just to capture the heterodox spirit of Gorbachev's seven-page alphabetized guest list to a T. As an enticement to his invitees, Gorbachev also includes a papal-style homiletic volume, in black and gold, titled *The Search for a New Beginning: Developing a New Civilization.* No reader who makes his way through this "selection of [Gorbachev's] personal reflections on humanity's future" will have the slightest doubt about the validity of one of the author's most urgent conclusions: "We need an intellectual breakthrough into a new dimension."



A CUT-RATE, LOCAL VERSION OF the Forum took place here in Washington a few weeks ago: The Second Annual White House Conference on Character Building for a Democratic, Civil Society—a day of task force hearings and speeches, plus an address by President Clinton. Hosted by the White House Domestic Policy Council, it was organized by The Communitarian Network, which describes itself as "a coalition of individuals and organizations who have come together to shore up the moral, social and political environment." (Yes, Amitai Etzioni, the Network's founder and chairman, is among the Es on Gorbachev's list; a professional communitarian such as himself wouldn't miss the State of the World Forum for, well, the world.) Knowing that many of those present would be in the grip of a great idea, I decided to drop by. As Gorbachev says, on page 49 of *The Search for a New Beginning*, "Start *perestroika* with yourself."

RECONSTRUCTION CERTAINLY WAS in full swing. I split my time between a task force called "Methods for Building Empathy and Caring" and one called "Methods for Building Self-Discipline." (Empathy and self-discipline are Dr. Etzioni's "core moral values.") The caring seminar was run like clockwork. After silently reading a draft of the task force report, "Beyond the 'Stern Virtues,'" we were given time to share our views of it with our neighbors. I had thoughts about one of the more concrete proposals in the section on "the caring school"—the concept, boldly offered, that "elementary schools provide time each day for plants and animals to be cared for, lost items to be turned in, and the buildings and grounds to be beautified"—but it was time for "brainstorming activity" in buzz groups. "I think you all know the rules," our facilitator said, and paused to emphasize only one: we were not to evaluate each other's ideas (about the strengths, weaknesses and most significant recommendations in the draft), just record them on big pieces of paper. The group in my corner (a talkative librarian, someone from the Air Force Academy and others) produced a long list of lavish praise for the draft and a much briefer one of bland criticism, hung them on the wall, and was complimented for, to use the term of the day, "caring behavior."

MOVING ON TO THE SELF-discipline session, I couldn't have asked for a more dramatic change of scene. Commotion reigned. Of all the task forces, this was the only one that failed to come up with a draft of a report for participants to consider. The buzz of the groups in this room was very loud. And their lists, flapping on the walls like streamers on a newlywed couple's car, were very long—itemizing the importance of goal-setting, decision-making, firm structure, clear direction, well-articulated expectations, limit-setting, group cooperation, follow-through, modeling and coaching: they wanted to stay away from "that mentorship buzzword." (One group, derailed by a debate over whether empathy helps or hurts self-discipline, sent someone across the hall to find out what empathy is, exactly. I never saw her return.) By now the session had run overtime, and the moderator faced the challenge of transforming the babble into a unified discussion—when he was saved by the lunch cart rolling in. He announced a break instead. As he sat down, and people began prying open their plastic sandwich boxes (and more than a few started slipping out the door), he modeled some follow-through behavior. Above the din, he called out, "Remember to prioritize!"

ANN HULBERT

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Inspiring Future Scientists

Lydia Cheng watches as Dr. Laurie Gage takes a sample of stomach contents from a dolphin at Marine World Africa USA in Vallejo, California.

Real Science! Draws Teens to Careers

Imagine your kids switching channels to watch a teen reporter petting a pregnant dolphin, hunting dinosaur tracks in Utah or blasting off for Mars via virtual reality.

It could happen, thanks to a new public television program, *Real Science!* Created by KTEH-TV in San Jose, with support from Hitachi, this fast-paced series features teen reporters visiting with scientists to find out what they do, why they enjoy it, and what teenagers can do to prepare themselves for similar careers.

Real Science! was developed to change American teens' attitudes towards the sciences. Statistics reveal a striking drop in interest in science by the time students reach the seventh grade. Equally alarming, American teens rank behind teens in other countries in scientific proficiency.

Hitachi is helping to reverse this trend by donating use of its TV facilities and committing $90,000 to produce and distribute *Real Science!* Four episodes are currently airing on public television and in schools, and 13 more are planned for the fall.

The show's producer, Maura Daly Phinney of San Jose public television station, KTEH, says *Real Science!* has one overriding goal: "We want the program to encourage students to pursue careers in science."

Hosted by California's 1994 Young Woman of the Year, Lydia Cheng, the series appeals to young people ages 8 to 18. Each 30-minute episode includes segments on three different science careers. Viewers accompany teenagers as they visit scientists, who demonstrate and explain their day-to-day work.

Supporting *Real Science!* is just one way Hitachi fulfills its social commitments. "We want to enrich the lives of young people by giving them fuel for their dreams," said Fred Hansen, executive vice president of Hitachi Data Systems. "Society's future rides on the hopes of today's youth, and we owe them an opportunity to create rewarding careers and fulfilling lives."

Maura Daly Phinney, producer of the *Real Science!* series.

Hitachi's outreach efforts include direct funding of projects like *Real Science!*, as well as donations and employee volunteerism for a host of national, regional and community-based projects. These activities benefit education, the arts, the environment, health care and social services.

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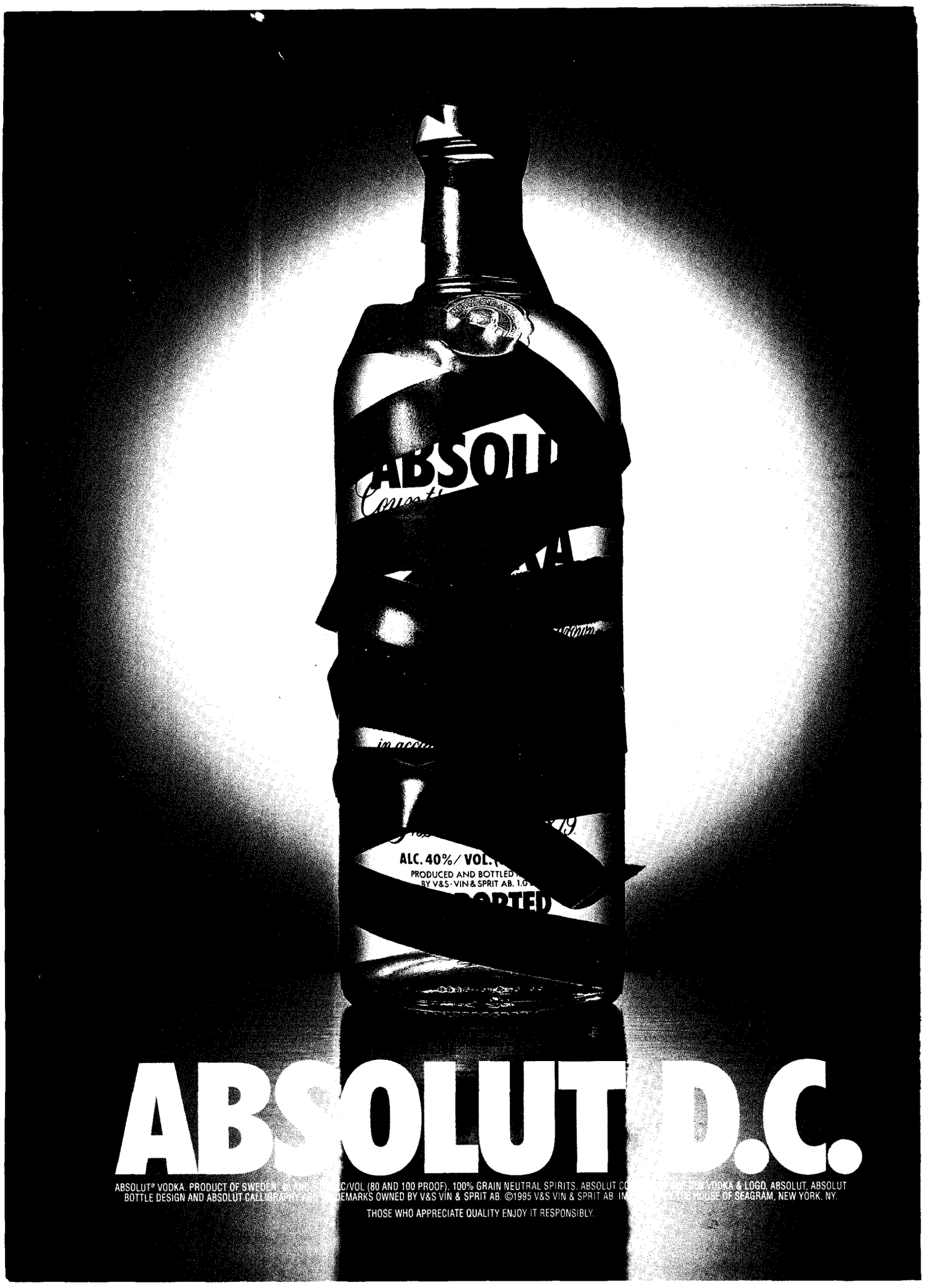

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